JOHN BULL

[illegible] SATURDAY, JUNE 1, [illegible] TWOPENCE

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

Don't delay—Register to-day.

See page [illegible].

Regular Contributors

EARL HAIG.
ARNOLD BENNETT.
CLEMENCE DANE.
WILL DYSON.
REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.
A. G. GARDINER

X Greatest Free X Home Insurance

BEVAN MYSTERY EXPOSED

"Black Cat" PURE VIRGINIA Cigarettes

EXTRA LARGE, and made from the Finest Matured Pure Virginia Tobacco, "Black Cat" Cigarettes are unrivalled for SIZE and unsurpassed in QUALITY price for price.

Installation of the 100 per cent. efficient Baron Machine has slightly reduced the making cost, though not enough to lower the price per packet, and this saving is returned to regular smokers of "Black Cat" Cigarettes in the form of handsome and Useful Gifts.

10 for 6D

20 for 1/-

IMPORTANT

The Illustrated Book of Gifts affords a choice of scores of delightful and highly acceptable articles, of value to men and women alike. Consequently a regular smoker of "Black Cat" Cigarettes can make a never-ending hobby of exchanging Free Coupons for Disirable Gifts.

The Fascinating New Game

Everybody in the land who loves a rattling good game of cards will fall a victim to "SCOOP." Played with special cards, and learned easily in five minutes, this fascinating NEW game is going to hold the whole country in its thrall. Everywhere that people gather for social intercourse, indoors and out, "SCOOP" parties will shortly be the rage.

"SCOOP" CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED IN EXCHANGE FOR COUPONS FROM "BLACK CAT" CIGARETTES.

In each 6d. packet of "Black Cat" Pure Virginia Cigarettes (Finest Matured Tobacco) there is one Gift Coupon: two Coupons in a 1/- carton, etc., and 35 Coupons will secure a pack of "SCOOP" with simple instructions enclosed. Moreover, to facilitate the speedy collection of the requisite number of Coupons, the following generous offer is made:—

FIRST FIVE COUPONS FREE ON APPLICATION, together with an Illustrated Book of Gifts. Write to-day to

Black Cat Cigarettes (Dept. 8), Arcadia Works, City Rd., London, E.C.1

N.B.—Coupons are enclosed in all packets that are printed "Coupon Enclosed." All Front Panels not printed "Coupon Enclosed" are equally available.

FOR PIPE SMOKERS—"Black Cat" Mixture 1/- per oz., each packet containing Gift Coupons.

Do 5+1 Good Turns and——

get one of these 7/- Pens FREE

You can do five friends—and yourself—a very good turn by securing six registrations for the "JOHN BULL" Free Home Insurance, the best in the world. Turn to page 26 and see for yourself the benefits offered.

Secure six registrations—you can count your own as one—and "JOHN BULL" will present you FREE with a famous "JOHN BULL" Safety Model Pen—Price 7/-

Fill in the coupon below and send for full particulars of this unique offer to-day.

The JOHN BULL Safety Model Pen with 14 ct. Iridium tipped nib is so constructed that it cannot leak no matter in what position carried. Ideal for travel or a lady's handbag. Price 7/- presented FREE. (For particulars see above).

CUT THIS OUT

Post this Coupon To-day.

To the Manager,
Insurance Department, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Please send me post free, and without any obligation on my part, 25 "JOHN BULL" FREE Home Insurance Policies together with full particulars of your Offer of a 7/- "John Bull" Safety Model Fountain Pen Free.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Date..... J.B. 3/6/22

Use ½d. stamp—don't seal envelope.

In three months time [redacted] you could [redacted] play this at sight

Think what it means to be able to sit down at the piano, to open a difficult and hitherto unseen piece of music, and to play it off at once without hesitation, with absolute confidence. As a rule this state of proficiency is only reached, if at all, after years of patient practice and study. But the THELWALL system has been worked out so scientifically that the mind is trained along certain lines and its latent faculties are brought out. One half-hour's daily study under the THELWALL System will make you a rapid and infallible sight-reader in three months, even if you only have a small knowledge of Music previously.

The new famous THELWALL System, moreover, is highly approved by the leading musicians in the country, including SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, MR. LANDON RONALD, and DR. BORLAND. To know all about this system, merely send name and address, enclosing 2d. stamp to cover cost of postage. We will then send you a Booklet giving price of the full Correspondence Course and easy method of payment, also many unsolicited testimonials from eminent authorities, the Press, and successful pupils. "HOW EVERY PIANIST MAY BECOME A RAPID SIGHT-READER." Send your application now.

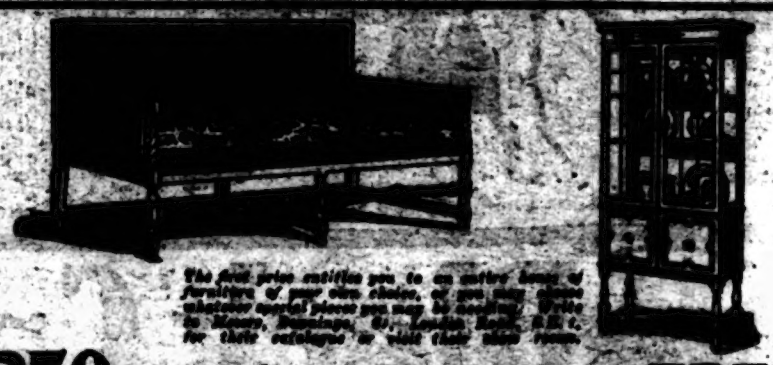
A FEW EXTRACTS FROM NUMEROUS APPRECIATIVE LETTERS:

"I find the reading of difficult music [illegible]."—Miss A. C. D.

"I am fully satisfied with your system."—Rev. A. H. H.

"I am delighted with the progress my daughter has made under your system. It is certainly a wonderful invention, and does away with lots of drudgery."—Lady C.

The Secretary,
The THELWALL RAPID SYSTEM of SIGHT-READING
(Dept. 54), Paternoster House, London, E.C. 4



The first prize entitles you to an entire house of furniture of your own choice, or you may choose whatever special pieces you may be needing. Write to Messrs. Downings, 61, London Road, S.E. 1, for their catalogue or visit their show rooms.

£250 worth of Furniture FREE!

JUST imagine that you had £250 to spend on furniture. Think of all the delightful things you could buy. You can make your dreams come true by entering to-day "EVERYWOMAN'S" competition, first prize £250 worth of Furniture, to be supplied by Messrs. Downings, whose name is a guarantee for highest quality. The coupon below starts you off with five Free Votes. See this week's "EVERYWOMAN'S" which contains another coupon, and go in and win.

Don't forget the FREE PATTERNS inside "EVERYWOMAN'S"—FROCK inside issue out May 20th, CAMI-KNICKERS inside issue out June 3th, PETTICOAT inside issue out June 12th.

EVERYWOMAN'S WEEKLY

The Ideal Weekly for the Thinking Woman.

Every Monday - - - 2d.

£250 HOUSE OF FURNITURE FREE.

COMPLIMENTARY. THIS COUPON entitles the person whose name is hereunder to *Five Complimentary Votes* towards a FREE HOUSE OF FURNITURE (or Furniture to the value of £250) to be selected from Messrs. Downings, the famous house furnishers. Only one Complimentary Coupon allowed each competitor. Please fill in your own name and address or that of the friend for whom you wish to vote.—

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. 3/6/22 .....

For full particulars, see "EVERYWOMAN'S"—every Monday, 2d.

Cut out this coupon and start your collection.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

3/- per line (prepaid). *Minimum 3 lines.*

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 2/6.

MUSIC.—Special advertising offer: 10/- parcel of new Pianoforte Music for 3/6. Money ret. if dissatisfied.—Imperial Mus. Pub. Co., 31, Newman Street, W.1.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Ureemana, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to E. Levaine, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

CYCLISTS.—THE BOOK OF THE YEAR is yours absolutely free, by writing the simple message, "Catalogue, please." Interesting in every detail—you cannot afford to be without this fine catalogue. "Captain" Cycles!—top of the cycle league. Tyres! that stagger the cycling world. Innumerable cycle accessories. Just address: H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 88, Burnley.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

YOUR Living Guaranteed. Write for free Catalogue and Guide. How to commence in business with £3.—H. Marks (Dept. 9), 51-53, Houndsditch, London, E.1. Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for all kinds of Drapery and Hosiery and Best House for Beginners.

£300, £400, £500 Salary for Certified Bookkeepers; postal tuition, 5/- monthly; success guaranteed two exams.; Prospectus free.—Correspondence College (Dept. 6), 69, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Utd. Catalogue free.—Douglas 99, King's Chambs., South Street, E.C.2.

DUPLICATORS.—All makes Gelatine, Stencil, Film, Cay.—The Compo Lithograph (J.) Co. (est. 1879), 38, Kingsland Road, London.

FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Fryers supplied. Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

CAMERAS, new or second-hand, by all leading English and German makers. Cash, exchange or deferred payments. Lists free for postage. Developing and Printing by return post.—Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 118, New Bond Street, W.1.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

BUILD up a Mail-Order Business without buying Stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Enclose stamp to Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial Papers, 6/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 5/- per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, Posters. Big range of samples (not a small packet of rubbish) and 700 prices, 3d.—Steads, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

AGENTS, easily worked business, offered cash £50.—For particulars send 3d. stamp, Vapure, Ltd., Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

DON'T spoil your evenings stitching up tears in clothes. "Mend-a-Tear" will see to all that in two minutes, with just a hot iron. Send 3d. stamp for free sample.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 38, Granby Mills, Leicester.

"BLADDER WEAKNESS."—Children, adults cured, one bottle "Parker's Prescription," 3/6, post free.—Parker, J.B., 15, Ferndale Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

£100 CHALLENGE.—VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc., positively and permanently cured. TO PROVE that our new method will give instant relief and banish pain with the first application, we will send FREE SAMPLE to all sufferers from Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, etc. Call or write NOW for Free Sample and Booklet "B," fully describing this wonderful treatment. No drugs, no operations, no bandages. Hundreds of sworn testimonials. Expert male and female attendants.—L. BRAUSEUR SURGICAL MNFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. M.J.), 38, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Manchester Branch: Princes Chambers, 26, Pall-Mall. Head Office: 60-62, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send today for list No. 22/2, post free.—George Adams, 326/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No Rings, pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue Free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

UNBEATABLE CYCLE PRICES.—Cyclists, before buying elsewhere, secure free copy of our monster 144-page catalogue. Study its thousands of truly wonderful offers in Cycles, Tyres and Accessories; carefully compare prices. As a guide to cheaper cycling this book is emphatically a real friend. In Tyres particularly, you never saw a finer choice or bigger bargains. Get in the best market. The catalogue is free. Write NOW.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 80, Fulham, Burnley.

A POSTCARD will bring you price-list and easy terms of Watches, Rings, Cycles, Suits, Raincoats, Boots, &c., on easy terms from 2/- monthly. Send a postcard now to Masters, Ltd., 94, Hope Stores, Rye.

SPARE-TIME MONEY.—For straightforward, generous proposal (keen, reliable men, every town, U.K.), write Desk J.B., 8, Charleston, 17, Water Lane, E.C.3.

"A JOLLY good piece of work," writes an enthusiastic customer of the Unique Franco-Barbe Cleaning and Tailoring Service. This is typical of hundreds of testimonials received. Send your soiled suit (8/6) or costume (from 7/6) to-day. Returned, post paid, carefully packed in box, fresh, smart, like new.—Castlebank Dyeworks (Dept. J.B.), Anniesland, Glasgow.

MARRIED or single, you must have pictures. Write for our illustrated list (framed and unframed); it's free!—Imperial Moulding Works, Macclesfield.

DOWN QUILTS recovered in good quality plain sateen for 18/6 only.—C. Nicholak, 57, Port Street, Manchester.

LEATHER.—A side of our Noted Tannage for 60/-; half-side, 31/-; smaller samples, enough for 6 men's or 8 ladies' soles; Extra Stout 5/-, Stout 4/6, Medium 4/-, all post free.—Williams and Co., The Yard, Merthyr.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/6; 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills, 11/-; Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN CATALOGUE of Cycle Tyres and all accessories, post free to Cyclists. Write now. Prices defy competition.—J. Payton, Dept. 11, Upton-on-Severn.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.—For Three Shillings we will send you post free our Bonanza Packet of Sixty Picture Postcards of Kinema Stars, all different, as selected by us. These cards are sold by us singly at a penny each.—Pictures Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"HOW TO WRITE and Sell a Picture Play" is the best book on writing for the films. Price 2/6, post free, from Pictures, Ltd., 88, Long Acre, London.

Young at Sixty!

You've met jolly old couples like this yourself.

They're hale and hearty, rosy cheeked, eyes bright with twinkling kindliness. A cheery word for everyone, the friends and confidants of all they come in contact with.

Why? Why are they different from others of like age? Why are they active and cheery when other old folks are crippled by rheumatism and gout, old in manner and outlook?

Simply because they are healthy.

It is the same with young and old alike. If you are healthy you have the normal, healthy outlook of cheeriness on life. But keeping in the pink of health under modern conditions of life requires care on your part.

Just consider these facts: most of us get insufficient fresh air and not nearly enough active exercise.

Added to this there are the errors of diet, overwork, nervous strain, anxiety which are inseparable from modern life. All these conditions affect the system; the liver and kidneys are especially sensitive, and as a direct result they fail to perform their functions actively enough. This causes impurities to creep into the blood. Headaches, tiredness, slackness, sleepiness after meals, depression, rheumatism, and other ills follow.

Kruschen Salts should be your safeguard. Every morning put as much as will cover a sixpence in your breakfast cup of tea. The crystals are tasteless if taken this way.

Kruschen Salts tone up liver and kidneys so that the organs begin again to perform their functions actively, thoroughly. Restored to full efficiency, these organs do the work which Nature intends: they eliminate impurities from the blood. Clear refreshed blood courses tingling to every fibre of the body, bringing new life, new health, and new vigour to your whole system.

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good health for a farthing a day

Kruschen Salts cost 1/9 a bottle of 96 doses—less than a farthing a day for good health. The first chemist you see will have a bottle in stock; go in and get one.

YOURS for 6D.

REMARKABLE BARGAIN TERMS OFFERED TO 'JOHN BULL' READERS

DEPOSIT

An opportunity for "John Bull" readers to secure an EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN on unheard of terms, offered by the leading London Mail Order Watch House.

OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION

Gent's full size Keyless Lever Watch. Stout Nickel Silver finished case, highly tempered springs, perfectly lever balanced movement, timed and tested before dispatch. A watch designed to give hard wear and keep accurate time. Guaranteed five years.

OUR UNBEATABLE TERMS

We will send this handsome watch, Post Free upon receipt of 6d. only. AFTER you receive the watch you send us a further 2/- and the balance by five monthly instalments of 2/- until 12/6 is paid. On the completion of regular payments a Gent's superior quality Double Pocket to Pocket Nickel Silver Albert is given Free, or if you prefer to pay cash or pay the balance in one payment after receipt, a discount of 2/- is allowed, making cash price 10/6 only, which together with FREE Double Albert makes the GREATEST BARGAIN EVER ADVERTISED. ENCLOSE P.O. or STAMPS NOW to the

WOBURN WATCH CO., Woburn House, (Dept. 80), 27, STORE ST., LONDON, W.C.1

COLOSSAL DEMAND FOR WHITSUN SARTORS

ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

Every Holiday brings its rush for Sarter Raincoats—this Whitsun the extra demand has been enormous. All the world knows the sterling value of this famous 20/- Raincoat—All the world has helped to make it possible to produce such a Coat at such a price.

SARTOR RAINCOATS

CARRIAGE 20/- PAID.

Send a postcard for SARTOR FREE PATTERNS and Style Book (Ladies', Gent's, Maids' and Youths') with an accurate self-measurement form.

SARTOR RAINCOATS are tailored by experts from fully-proofed Gabardine, with cosy check lining—warm in wear, light in weight.

SEND NO MONEY—A postcard is sufficient. You buy DIRECT from our workrooms, so that there are NO MIDDLE PROFITS. We guarantee every Coat. If you are not satisfied we return your money IN FULL.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.), 59, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

GRAVES SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

The Complete Service delivered to all approved orders for 5/- with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Service comprised:—6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon. Blades of finest Sheffield Steel, ivory grained Ivorette handles, Spoons and Forks of Columbian Silver which wears white all through. Write for Illustrated Catalogue to the Manufacturers—J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Técla

7 Old Bond Street, LONDON
10 Rue de la Paix, PARIS
398 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

SMALL "ADS" WORTH WATCHING
See page 3.

The Greatest Bargain Offer of the Year

Manufacturer takes drastic steps to clear accumulated stocks

THE DALE CAUSES A SENSATION IN DIRECT OFFERS

A REVERSIBLE CARPET & RUG TO MATCH for 22/6

Only 500 Sets offered. Send your order immediately

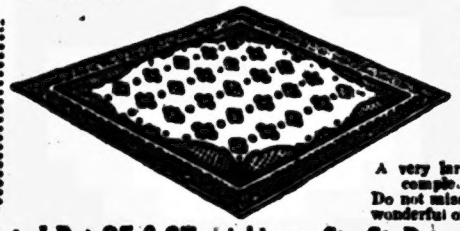
All Carpets sent well packed and carriage paid.

We find upon taking stock, there are about an equal number of Reversible Rugs that will match beautifully with our celebrated range of Seamless Woven and Reversible Carpets (recently sold by us at 40/-). For a short period we have decided to offer the two at the astonishing price of 22/6, delivered free. This represents the shortest cut to the attention of "JOHN BULL" readers, and will be well worth the sacrifice as an advertisement for our name and manufacture.

Remember, the Carpet and Rug sent for 22 6, carriage paid.

We have sold many thousands of these carpets alone at 40/-. This Sale Offer enables you to obtain a RUG in addition, the total cost being only 22/6.

SEND 22/6 TO-DAY



This CARPET 3 yds. x 2 yds. and RUG to match Size 27 in. x 54 in. 22/6

Carriage Paid.

A very large room can be covered completely by using two sets. Do not miss this wonderful offer. 2 Sets 44/-

WOOD & CO. (Dept. J.B.) 35 & 37, Dickinson St., St. Peter's Sq., Manchester

Put a Tin of Andrews' in your Bag this Whitsun.

Usual Size (4 ozs net) 10d.

1/5 Family Size (8 ozs net)

The familiar green Tin is a very necessary addition to the Holiday equipment of the thoughtful.

Andrews' is a natural means of promoting *and maintaining* physical well-being. It quickly, and gently, rectifies the disturbing effects almost invariably induced by change of air, food and habit. So put a Tin of Andrews' in your bag and go away *fully* prepared to extract every ounce of enjoyment from your trip.

Free Gifts for Andrews' Lids

(1) Combined Tooth Brush, Lid Opener, Scoop-measure and Stirrer. (2) Nickel-plated Pencil Case. (3) Self-filling Fountain Pen. (4) 3-bladed Pocket Knife. Up to June 30th you can have any one of the above, if you send Lids from 1 small or six large Andrews' Tins to the address alongside. Say which gift you need and write your name and address distinctly.

Taken first thing on rising, a glass of Andrews' will counteract the effect of change . . . . will help to give, *and keep*, that feeling of fitness which makes the most of the holiday-hours. It may not be absolutely necessary but, *just to make sure*, take Andrews' each morning whilst you are away. You will find it well worth while.

One of Andrews' special virtues is that it can be taken with benefit by all. Children *like* it, grown-ups and elderly people regard it as a helpful standby. Andrews' will be found in countless homes where all-the-family keep cheery and well. In the bathroom at home, or in your holiday-bag, a Tin of Andrews' makes for good-cheer.

(17B) *Sold by Chemists, Grocers & Stores throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to:—*

SCOTT & TURNER, LTD., Manufacturers, Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

Whitsun wisdom!

Seek the open road on

DUNLOP TYRES

Dunlop Cycle and Motor Cycle Tyres obtainable from all dealers.

For Motor-Cycles

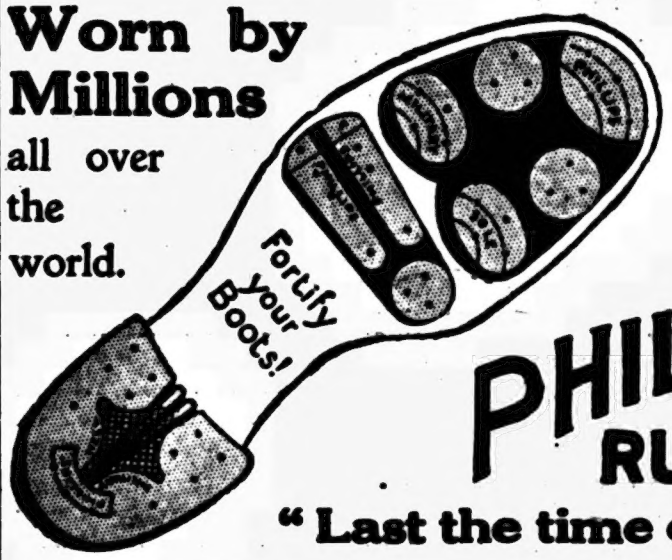
RUBBER STUDDED. Light (2 ply), Heavy (3 ply), Extra Heavy (4 ply). A full range in all sizes; price list from any dealer.

Type MAGNUM in sizes 26×2½, 26×3, 28×3.

For Cycles

CYCLE TYRES.	Wired-on Cover.	Beaded edge Cover.	Tube.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
WITH CORD CASINGS			
Dunlop Magnum	18 4	20 0	6 3
Dunlop Roadster	15 0	16 6	5 3
Warwick Roadster	13 0	14 6	4 6
Cambridge Roadster	11 6	13 0	4 0
WITH CANVAS CASINGS			
Edinburgh Roadster	10 6	12 0	4 0
Pericles Roadster	8 6	10 0	3 6

Worn by Millions all over the world.



"MILITARY" SOLES & HEELS

Men's Stout 5/6
" Light 4/6
Youths' 4/-
Ladies' 3/-
Small Children's 2/- per set.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

"Last the time of three."

Vol. XXXI. No. 828.
Week ending Saturday,
June 3, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

The Turmoil of Europe.
After Genoa, The Hague. And then, perhaps, a spell of peace.

Free Trade Wins.
The safeguarding of Industries Act is as good as dead. The Coalition Liberals want a quiet funeral with as few mourners as possible.

Watch Winston.
Keep an eye on Winston Churchill. The Conservative Party has advanced far along the lines of democracy in the past few years, and blood is thicker than water.

Despite the Diehards.
It has been a political maxim as long as we can remember that the Conservative Party never splits. When the General Election comes the order will be to close the ranks. And it will be obeyed.

Following our Lead.
So we were right about France after all. And most of the newspapers are echoing our words. But why are they so often spoken of as the "leading" journals?

The Two Voices.
In publishing articles this week by Sir William Bull, M.P., and Lieut.-Col. Page Croft, M.P., whose respective estimates of the Prime Minister's success at the Genoa Conference are as the poles apart, we do not wholly endorse the views of either of these enterprising politicians. Frankly, we prefer our own.

Very Nice, Too!
It is whispered that our esteemed friend, Mr. J. L. Garvin, is not unlikely to figure in the Birthday Honours List. Lucky thing he fell head over heels in love with the Prime Minister when he did.

The Prison System.
We are promised some startling revelations when the Report of the Prison System Inquiry Committee is published. But it would take a lot to startle us, knowing what we do.

No Love Lost.
Judging by his recent speech at the Aldwych Club, what Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., thinks of the Labour leaders is quite a lot. And what they think of him is quite a lot more!

The Irish Tragedy.
The melodramatic farce that is being enacted by de Valera and Collins in the South of Ireland is playing straight into the hands of the Ulster fanatics. And the worst of it is that England will be drawn once again into the mess.

Just an Idea.
As far as we know, we were the first to advance the proposal for an Industrial Parliament, which has since been actively taken up by Viscount Burnham and other distinguished people. No flowers, please.

Mens Sana, etc.
The Oxford Union has been debating whether a "Blue" or a "First" more fitly "answers the true purposes of education." The sort of man we always demand an introduction to is the one who has achieved both.

Divorce Court Perjury.
Mr. Justice Hill need not spend so much time wondering why people tell so many lies in the Divorce Court. The answer is that the law makes them, a fact of which the learned Judge must be perfectly well aware.

Second Thoughts.
In deciding after all to open the Genoa Peace Conference Debate in person, Mr. Lloyd George chose the wise course. It would, however, have been a priceless stroke of irony to have had the topic introduced by the Secretary of State for War!

Lord Curzon's Holiday.
The indisposition of Lord Curzon, necessitating his absence from town, though unfortunate, is not untimely. His relations with the Prime Minister have not improved since the Genoa business, and it is doubtful whether the Foreign Office will see him again.

The Pace that Kills.
The Royal Commission which was to award compensation to persons who suffered through enemy action during the war has worked at such terrific speed that a matter of only 52,473 claims remain outstanding. At the present rate of progress it is estimated that most of these will be settled before the next war comes along. Barring European accidents, of course.

Scots Wha' Hae!
We rather admire Colonel John Ward's blunt assertion that he would support Home Rule for Scotland if it would keep Scots from managing English affairs in addition to their own. But would it? We wonder!

Women in Wigs.
The Attorney General says there is now nothing to prevent a woman barrister from becoming a Judge. Fortunately, they have to serve for several years at the Bar first, so we still have time to turn over a new leaf.

A Sane Proposal.
We like the clause of the new Separation and Maintenance Orders Bill, which provides that cruelty to children shall be a ground of separation between husband and wife. There is no more exquisite torture for a wife than to witness the brutal ill-treatment of her child.

A Lame League.
Professor Gilbert Murray tells us that his distinguished friend, Mr. H. G. Wells, is apt to blow hot and cold over the League of Nations. The Wellsian standpoint, we gather, is that the League, like the curate's egg, is "good in parts," which is much the same view as ours.

Suicide and the Law.
Some current newspaper controversialists appear to forget that "suicide" is not a legal term. The indictment against a man who has attempted to take his own life states that he "did feloniously, wilfully and of malice aforethought attempt to kill and murder himself."

A Doughty Doctor.
The mere fact that the General Medical Council have struck Dr. John Kynaston off the Register leaves us cold. In his campaign against reckless tonsils and adenoids operations we are entirely with the doctor, and one of these days we may tell the whole story of his plucky fight.

A Vulgar Proposal.
The suggestion of Mr. William Shaw, M.P., that the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons should substitute frozen meat for the best British joints almost petrified Members unaccustomed to such frugal fare. It was with similar feelings that the late Duke of Devonshire, when told that some people put away their serviettes in rings for the next meal, emitted a horrified "Good God!"

A Distasteful Decision.

What strikes us as a very mean act of vindictiveness is the claim of the West Riding County Council against twenty-four miners to recover the cost of meals supplied to their children during the coal stoppage. To let bygones be bygones would certainly have left the Council richer in reputation though slightly poorer in purse.

The Brutal Bombardier.

When we asked the War Office to intervene in the case of the inhuman husband who is proposing to forsake his wife and children to marry a German girl in Cologne, they told us they could do nothing. We seem to remember a sergeant-major saying the War Office could do anything with a man so long as he remained in the Army—except one thing. Why don't they call the cur before his discharge is due?

Birds of Passage.

Quite a number of people are anxious to know what has become of the Omnium Trust Corporation, bankers, incorporated in Arizona, U.S.A., which for a while did business of some sort at 245, Oxford Street, London, W. Starting in June, 1920, with a modest capital of a million, by December of the same year it had been increased to £5,000,000. Seven months ago the Corporation flitted, and is now reported to have ceased to do business in this country. A short life, but a merry one!

Landlords and the Law.

Despite the activity of a great many of the local authorities in carrying out housing schemes, the shortage continues acute in many parts of the country. It is so in Norfolk, for instance. Yet in that county scores of large residences stand empty. Landlords refuse to let them to two or more married couples, who would gladly occupy them jointly, and the Law is helpless in the matter. Local Councils are empowered to purchase such properties compulsorily, but are reluctant at present prices to exercise their rights. Immediate legislation is needed.

Rubbing It In.

At a time when so many people are in want of the means for bare subsistence, it seems to us positive cruelty for certain newspapers to publish in elaborate detail and with obvious gusto the menus of expensive theatre dinners and suppers. It is distinctly calculated to increase the dissatisfaction and unrest of those who have known better times.

Let There Be Light.

The immediate attention of the Traffic Superintendent of the Great Central Railway is directed to the fact that a theatrical party, travelling from Penistone to Manchester, were recently taken the whole three-mile length of the tunnel at 1.45 p.m., without a glimmer of light in their carriage. The ladies in this instance were with men they knew; but supposing their companions had been strange men!

Curbing the Reckless.

As for many months we have been drawing public attention to the murderous recklessness of some motorists, we note with satisfaction that many other newspapers now agree with us that this mad motoring could be stopped if offenders were ruthlessly clapped into gaol in every instance where gross negligence is proved. Not only so. Their licences also should be taken away, so that if they wish to murder people in cold blood they will have to find some other means of doing it.

Humanity Wins.

A victory for humanity has been won by the seven assenting signatories to the Parliamentary Committee's Report on performing animals, though five members are against the finding that cruelty has been established. The Report makes the valuable recommendation that a Home Office Control Committee shall have power to supervise performances and prohibit or modify exhibitions. Before long, we hope to see the whole tribe who make handsome livings out of business from their cruelties to performing animals.

A Blot on Trades Unions.

Most of the ex-Service men in training at the Fulham Road workshops, London, are suffering from 70 per cent. disability; yet, when the woodwork which they had laboured at for an East End housing scheme was delivered, the Trade Unionists on the job refused to handle it. Rights so insisted on become wrongs.

Fools and Their Folly.

If it were not true, it would be incredible that a man should suddenly collapse in the street and become surrounded for twenty-five minutes by a gaping crowd of 600 people, not one of them with sense enough to fetch a doctor or even a policeman. This, however, is what has happened in Hoxton, where a chair-maker, named Wheelerbreed, collapsed from heart failure. And such a crowd, for such a time, simply stood rooted to the spot, like stuffed owls, and watched him die!

An Unequal Contest.

In Shacklewell Street, Bethnal Green, a police-constable observed Joseph Ling place a rat between his shirt and body, and after it a ferret, which chased and killed the rat. Meanwhile, Walter Cripps collected money from the onlookers for this edifying spectacle. Later, a veterinary surgeon found 12 rats with their teeth drawn and snapped, and 5 with jaws broken. Cripps was fined £10 and 15s. costs, and Ling £5; which was by no means over-severe.

Penge's Peeping Tom.

George James Raffell, aged 22, of Crampton Road, Penge, is another of those nasty-minded pests who are always poking their noses into other people's affairs in the hope of smelling out something on which to gratify their debased senses. He removed the trap-door from the partition underneath the seat of a railway carriage in order to spy into the next compartment, for which he was fined 30s. and ordered to pay the damage done. A straight left to the point is the best way of dealing with such unhealthy-minded peeping Toms!

Disguised State Censorship.

"Tay Pay" is the President of the British Board of Film Censors, whose function it is to look after the morals of the screen. A fortnight ago this Board banned a film called "Cocaine" on the plea that it "tended to familiarise the public with the vice." It would be interesting to know whether the ban was the result of a hint from the Home Office, and how far this private Board of Censors is secretly controlled by the State. If Mr. O'Connor's Board is really acting on its own and is logical, why did it pass another dope film, "Crushing the Drug Traffic," a week later?

On the Flat Rate.

Mansfield Magistrates, at times, do funny things. They had before them a man, summoned by the N.S.P.C.C., for ill-treating his nine-year-old son. The evidence showed that the boy had two black eyes, and he was a mass of bruises about the shoulders. The father admitted that he gave his child a "cuff" on the side of the head, and gave him another because he cried. For the "cuff," the Bench fined the father a guinea, and the same sum for "cussing" when the policeman interviewed him. Apparently, in their Worships' view, the swear-words hurt the constable as much as the blows injured the poor kiddie!

GIVE A THING — TAKE A THING

by CLEMENCE DANE

"Give a thing, take a thing,
Old Trot's plaything!"

WHEN I was a small girl, you could hurl at a contemporary who, making gifts in the morning, repented himself by tea-time and demanded their return, no deadlier taunt. "Give-a-thing, take-a-thing!" Is that what you're trying to do?

Skirts lengthen, beards grow, but the human creature itself—does it change? At any rate, when I read the headline in to-day's paper "Peeress's Claim Rejected: No Women in the Lords!" the old rhyme sprang, pat as ever, to my tongue. "Give-a-thing, take-a-thing!" Is that what they're trying to do? A seat for women in the Commons—but in the Lords, not even standing room!

Five Queens have reigned over us in the last five hundred years, four of them extremely successfully. Two of them indeed are reckoned among the wisest and greatest monarchs of European history. England, in the last hundred years, has produced women doctors, women scientists, women artists, women writers, business women, women journalists, women teachers, a women's army, women lawyers and women police. The House of Commons, seeing all this, passes a Bill which the House of Lords confirms, enacting that sex shall in future be no disqualification for public service, and thereafter welcomes to its benches two women M.P.s. And now, having passed that Bill at breakfast, the House of Lords repents itself at tea-time, so to speak, and denies Lady Rhondda's claim to admission. Give-a-thing-take-a-thing, indeed!

We every-day citizens are not, of course, rash enough to dispute that, quibbleistically, the Lords are in the right; but, right or wrong, we know, and they know, and we know that they know that we know, that by refusing to admit women when their fellow House has done so, they have put themselves in an impossible position. You can't have women hard at work helping to make the laws in one Chamber, and deny them the right to share in ratifying those laws. In a word, you can't, whether you are a public body or a mere man in the street, give a thing and take a thing at once, without running the risk of appearing as the Bishop appeared to the small girl in *Punch*, "supremely ridiculous."

Kicked to Death.

At Salford, Manchester, a brute of a carter, named Alfred Mason, ill-treated a poor worn-out horse in such a savage fashion that he practically kicked it to death. The animal was at least thirty years of age, and the Stipendiary who examined it said that it must have suffered great agony. Yet he was satisfied to sentence the inhuman monster to fourteen days' hard labour only. Fourteen days' hard kicking would have been a more fitting punishment.

The Closed Door.

A door that is deliberately shut in the face of the public by a public body for secret deliberations will always be resented and excite suspicions. Hence the unwisdom of the Lambeth Board of Guardians in holding a secret inquiry into allegations regarding the administration of their Stores Departments. Elected local authorities of every kind, who have obligations to fulfil towards the general community, should welcome rather than fear the fierce light of publicity.

Patents and Patience.

There was much sound sense in the remark made by Lord Buckmaster, that if an honest inventor found himself involved in the coils of a patent lawsuit he must either abandon his invention or struggle to maintain his rights at a cost which none but the rich could afford. The case in question had lasted 25 days in the Courts before going to the House of Lords. It is high time our patent laws were overhauled. Lord Buckmaster would give greater effect to his homily if he tackled the problem.

The Embargo *Must* Go?

With a man of honour, to promise is to fulfil. With a Government Department, it seems that to promise is sometimes to procrastinate. A firm undertaking was given that the ban on Canadian cattle would be removed. Nevertheless, not only is the embargo still in force, but there are indications of a determination to retain it. The women, the housewives of England, must not allow this. There is a shortage of cattle in the country, and the price of English meat is still a hundred per cent. higher than in 1914.

Charity in Court.

One of the happiest of men to-day should be Mr. Sidney Butler, of 39, Goldsmith Avenue, Manor Park, who, having summoned a debtor at Bow County Court, and learning that the defendant was out of work and in dire need, shook hands with him and cancelled the debt. To be able to express such practical sympathy to another in distress was a privilege which he must have been proud to exercise. If the County Courts throughout the country witnessed more scenes of this character they would be more cheerful places to attend.

The People and Their Palace.

Surely it is high time the Alexandra Palace and its wonderful grounds were once more open to the public. Since the early days of the war, when it was occupied by German prisoners, the Palace has remained closed to the people, to whom it virtually belongs. The delay in restoring the place to its pre-war condition is said to arise from a difference with the Government in respect to the Trustees' claim for compensation. The original claim was submitted three years ago, and still remains unsettled. How much longer shall red tape keep the people out of their own Palace?

A Coroner's Comment.

Concluding an inquest on a servant girl who had poisoned herself in circumstances which certainly pointed to a deranged mind, Coroner Brighouse, of Bootle, could think of nothing better to say than, in effect, that she was an accustomed liar, and in his opinion was feloniously guilty of taking her life. We wonder what a jury of twelve good men and true would have said.

Still At It.

Our old friend Albert Feather, who formerly wrote from White Abbey Road, Bradford, would appear still to be trying to "feather his nest" by the sale, at a shilling a copy, of his "Handbook," entitled "How to Make Money at Home." But at present he appears to be operating through a man named G. Forrester, at 61, Queen Street, Hull—unless friend Feather has adopted that name and removed there. Feather's is an old device, which should not deceive even children.

Cad and Hypocrite.

When a man adds hypocrisy to scoundrelism there is not much more to be said for him. "I treat a good woman in a proper way, and not as some men, who are like beasts of the field." So wrote James Summers, a married man of 33, to a trusting girl, who, on a promise of marriage, he not only seduced, but from whom he filched her life savings of £51. At Nottingham he was sentenced to twelve months in the second division. Hard labour of the meanest sort should be his punishment.

To Stimulate Business.

Mr. Joe Riley, of Birmingham, appears to possess a pretty sense of humour. He is alleged to have suggested to the annual convention of the Federation of British Music Industries, held at Blackpool, that they should go to Malvern and have a bonfire of old pianos on the highest beacon. He claimed that it would be a fine advertisement for the trade, causing the country to realise the worthlessness of old and decrepit instruments. If similar treatment could be applied to old and decrepit houses, England might be made a better place to live in.

A Medal Outrage.

The Government of India have granted the British War Medal to members of the Indian Defence Force, most of whom never saw a shot fired to kill. No wonder men who were under fire overseas consider it more dignified not to wear their hard-won decorations.

A Holiday Hint.

Where would you spend your summer holiday if you found your savings augmented by £1,000? You could roam the Continent at will and visit all the beauty spots that are now only far-off visions. Your dreams may come true if you exercise a little skill in our "Bullets" Competition, for we are again offering a First Prize of £1,000.

A Broad-minded Magistrate.

Mr. Forbes Lankester, at West London the other day, pointed out that while a working man is apparently not to be trusted to do what he likes with his own money, the rich can gamble with impunity. He advised the small bookmaker to get his clients to 'phone their bets. But there *is* a certain security in a "slip."

The Price of Crime.

The case of George Williams, aged 66, seems hard. Having spent 43 years in prison—his punishments including chains and floggings—he declared at the London Sessions that he had never had an opportunity of being anything else but a criminal. It is more than likely that, given the chance he has never had, he might yet become a decent and honest citizen. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil."

Holidays in June.

"Take your holidays in June," say the railway companies. "More room in the train, more hours of sunshine and less of a crush at the seaside or country." Excellent! And here is another thing worth remembering: JOHN BULL's Free Home Insurance still remains in force whilst you are away at your hotel, boarding house or apartment, and it also covers your luggage. But you must be a *registered* reader. A word to the wise . . .

THE TRAVEL "RUSH"

by ARNOLD BENNETT

"RUSH to the sea. Rush to the Continent." Daily papers would not be daily papers if they did not use these phrases before holidays. It must be a rush or nothing. Nevertheless, a rush there will be this week-end—though, of course, the weather will maliciously let us down. More people go away for the minor holidays now than went for the main holiday when Victoria ruled.

And we shall be told once more that the British working-class thinks of naught but not working, and that all is changed for the worse and that in particular the British artisan is not what he was. Well, he never was. In pre-war as in after-war days the workman's objection to work was a by-word and a reproach among the employing class, and the idleness of the employing class was a by-word and a reproach among the employed class.

The different classes would not learn and have not learnt that no class has a monopoly of any virtue or any vice. We are all much alike in both—all heroes and all villains. Even the British plumber, who has been more abused than any other kind of person on earth, marvellously resembles the rest of us. I am in favour of frequent holidays for everybody; holidays involving rushes to the sea and to the Continent. But what counts with me for good is not the repose—it is the change of scene. Change of scene is the great tonic and restorer. It is also the great educator. I want half England to rush to the Continent, and half western Europe to rush to England. And I should love to see half Belfast taking holiday tickets to Cork, and half Cork taking holiday tickets to Belfast.

Every traveller is an agent of peace and understanding. A League of Universal Travel would be worth forty Leagues of Nations. A French statesman said last week that the indiscreet words of a few politicians didn't matter; the opinions of peoples alone mattered. But peoples can have no real opinions about other peoples unless they see with their own eyes. The train and the steamer are the true agents of civilisation. . . And the passport and the custom-house are the true foes of civilisation. Let us then travel furiously at the risk of being castigated for work-shirking.

GRAVE POLICE SCANDAL

Friction and Jealousy in the Force

MORE than once we have called attention to the very serious state of affairs that exists in this country in all matters relating to crime. In face of this fact, the police authorities have spared no effort in their endeavour to soothe the public and dispel the alarm caused by an ever-growing menace.

The increase in crime, they say, is only apparent; it is magnified out of all proportion by the prominence given to the doings of the law-breakers by the newspapers.

But almost every day brings news of a fresh outbreak, of valuable property stolen, of vicious attack and brutal conduct, especially in and around London—where the arm of the law is supposed to be mightier and longer than in any other part of the world.

Why are so many criminals allowed to escape? How do they manage to perpetrate such daring coups and still get away with the booty? Everywhere men and women are asking these questions.

There are many reasons, but for the moment we propose to content ourselves with indicating just a few.

In the first place, we should advise the Chief Commissioner at Scotland Yard not to worry overmuch about the new wireless proposal, but to start right away on the much more important matter of "setting his house in order." Of the many alarming causes which are operating against the efficiency of the police force, perhaps the most serious and disturbing is the lack of co-operation between two of the branches governed by Scotland Yard—the uniformed men and the members of the Criminal Investigation Department.

A profound jealousy exists, the men distrust each other, and these two factors have combined to open a breach which has been steadily widened by open hostility between the two arms of the Service.

According to regulations, no uniformed man with less than twelve months' experience of patrol work in the streets is entitled to enter the C.I.D. force. This rule, however, is more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Many a young constable who does not possess the necessary qualifications is allowed to join the ranks of the plain-clothes men, simply because his father, uncle, or some other relative or friend is lucky enough to hold the position of a Chief Inspector.

In making these unearned promotions the officials, too, are simply playing into the hands of the criminals, for whereas the latter are calling into their ranks men of superior intelligence and cunning, the police handicap themselves more and more by giving the better jobs to men who clearly have had little or no experience of the delicate work that is involved.

The uniformed men are thus taught little respect for their colleagues of the C.I.D. They rather regard them as enemies. A smart young constable may affect a very creditable arrest, and while giving details of the charge to the Station Inspector, a C.I.D. officer will appear on the scene, and finding a pretext, will sign the charge-sheet. Thus the uniformed man figures only as a witness, while the other gets all the credit there is to be obtained.

Further reasons for unpleasantness are caused by the distinction made in the payment of allowances and expenses which in every instance redound to the advantage of the plain-clothes men.

Owing to lack of co-operation, criminals who might otherwise easily be caught, remain at large. Information of the greatest value is withheld by one branch from the other. Instructions received by uniformed men intended for members of the C.I.D. are diplomatically forgotten or carried out in the most negligent manner, and, of course, this system works both ways.

Certain tasks are allotted to the two branches. During the past few months, when the eagle eye of the law is supposed to have been watching for night-club proprietors who overstep the bounds of decency, plain-clothes officers have been diligently searching for offenders by visiting places of a suspicious character. The duty of the uniformed man is to observe from the outside until the actual moment of a raid arrives.

Does the C.I.D. man pass any information out to his uniformed colleague? Not much. Silence is golden. Moreover, it is an open secret that a uniformed man would sacrifice his eye-teeth if only he could lay hands on one of the plain-clothes fraternity during the course of a raid on a gambling-house or dope den.

All that we intend to say at this juncture, is that the game has got to stop. Action must be taken quickly to remove all the causes of friction between the two sections. Otherwise crime will flourish and criminals will continue to slip through the net, the holes in which are so apparent and so badly in need of repair.

MURDER MOST FOUL

Fiendish Plot of the Enemy Within

IT is high time the country awoke to the fact that the wholesale murder of women and children is not only being openly advocated, but definitely plotted, by extremists of the Communist wing of the Socialist-Labour Party.

What their proposal actually involves was disclosed in a speech made a few days ago by Tom Mann to a large gathering of members of the Amalgamated Engineers' Union at the Stratford Town Hall.

"I would cut off supplies absolutely," he declared. "I would stop sewage stations. I would cut off their water supplies and plunge the whole of London into darkness. We must lay hold of the job and do it properly."

He asked the audience if they agreed with the suggestion, and they assented with a single exception, tremendous cheering marking their approval.

The carrying out of such a diabolical plan must inevitably result in death in hideous form to invalids and infants, frightful epidemics and all the unspeakable horrors of anarchy.

Yet the A.E.U. officials are very sympathetic towards the proposal!

This surely is a case in which the authorities should take a hand and endeavour to curb the insane enthusiasm of irresponsible extremists.

DRIVEN TO DEATH

Scandalous Conduct of a Callous "Lover"

WE hope there are few such callous cads in the world as William Coney, a South London seducer whom a Coroner's jury found morally, if not legally, responsible for the death of a pretty eighteen-year-old Catford servant girl. The story is one which should move every heart to pity and wrath—pity for the poor forsaken girl who despairingly ended her blighted life, wrath with the heartless brute whose unutterably base conduct brought about the tragedy.

Elsie Harrild was of a bright, cheerful disposition, full of health and buoyant spirits, radiant with the joy of life. Her father and her employer testified to her sunny nature. Everyone was fond of her, and even when the shadow that ended in death darkened her life, she still retained an outward semblance of care-free happiness.

She met William Coney—and, as is so often the case with such natures, she loved him with a passion that blinded her to the meanness of the man upon whom she lavished her affection. Then, when the moment of her great trial was at hand, he deserted her.

The agony which she hid behind her smiling eyes is revealed in a letter produced at the inquest after her body had been taken from the river. Who can read these words without a heart-ache?

"My life, dearest, consists of you and you only. We have been for one year as husband and wife. You have made me love you with a passion that can never die. My love for you is too strong to let you have another girl. The one thing in this world that will separate you from me is death, so please try and be just the same as ever, dear. This worry is making me ill. Please try and realise all you mean to me."

Who could resist such a poignant appeal? Who, indeed, but William Coney, who went into the witness-box and described himself as "her young man?" He knew she expected to become the mother of his child. He admitted that he had threatened to leave her, knowing that she was in that condition through him. But he showed no signs of contrition.

The father buried his head in his hands and sobbed aloud when he heard the verdict. But there were no tears from William Coney.

Surely there must be punishment for such a scoundrel hereafter. One cannot expect that so conscienceless a cad will suffer much from remorse in *this* life.

He escapes punishment now, although he has driven a trusting girl to her death. Yet there may come a time when he will long for the affection which he so shamefully abused. And who will answer him, but the wraith of that poor girl?

WOES OF THE OLD

Clouds Obscuring the Sunset

THE helplessness of infancy and old age has an appeal which few, we are glad to believe, can reject. It is with indignation and amazement, therefore, that we learn of the cruel persecution of an aged couple who for years have been respected residents of Minster, in Kent.

The husband, Joseph Kelly, is a war-worn hero, having fought in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. He is ninety years of age, and his wife is seventy-five.

Eighteen months ago the house in which they live was pronounced unfit for human occupation, but as no alternative accommodation was provided, apart from the workhouse—which they regarded with loathing—they continued to live there.

Failing to remove them by fair and open means, measures peculiarly despicable have been resorted to. Piecemeal, a few tiles at a time, their house has been unroofed, and to-day provides no protection against the weather. With a steadfastness which we admire, the ancient couple are resisting this cruel attempt to force them into the Union. If the inhabitants of Minster can watch this shameful case of persecution unmoved, they are parties to what is nothing less than a crime. Perhaps a day will come when the individuals guilty of this dastardly outrage will have brought home to them the cruelty of their conduct.

DOES THE DEVIL LIKE THE DERBY?

(In which cartoon—to the annoyance of the Pharisee—I will be seen to express disbelief in the doctrine that the Devil is most active when people are enjoying themselves—W. D.)

DISGUSTED DEMON (bored with the Derby Day inactivity):—"True, friends! Politics and the Higher Finance for me—these immoral low brow recreations only hold up my really Big Jobs!"

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

Our Weekly KINEMA

Let's hope a lasting peace they'll make
And labour hand in hand,
And then perchance the Fates may take
The "ire" from Ireland.

The modern Eve and Adam may
An Eden find somewhere,
But still it's pretty safe to say
They'll find the Serpent there.

To Westminster L.G. comes back
And all his foes deflieth;
Exactly like the old attack
Of David on Goliath.

No wonder Fritz looks full of glee
And John full of depression;
The load that's on their "mind" you see
Accounts for their expression.

To the Rt. Hon. The EARL OF KINNOULL,
Balhousie Castle, Perth. (Please Forward.)

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR,—The story of your little register office episode with the widow, Mrs. Surle, shows above all things that you have a lot to learn. I don't blame you for lacking knowledge of the world—the boy of twenty who knows all there is to know is an objectionable freak—but your eagerly reported utterances on your escapade showed a lack of chivalry towards women which one would scarcely have expected in your father's son. The whole business may have been a joke, as you say it was, though I still fail to see the slightest gleam of humour in it. But seeing that a woman's name was involved, you might have found some way out which would have inflicted less humiliation upon her, no matter who she was. I hope your trip to South Africa will help to make a gentleman of you.

JOHN BULL.

To ALBERT WILFRED ELLIS, Esq.,
Managing Director of Messrs. A. W. Ellis & Co., Tooley Street, London, S.E.

SIR,—When summoned by the Board of Trade for applying a false description to your firm's drawing outfits, you contended that if a fair proportion of the articles were manufactured in this country you were entitled to call it a British-made set, even though the remainder came from abroad. A more feeble attempt to throw dust in the eyes of justice I don't think I have ever heard. I trust that the Magistrate's refusal to listen to such tricky subtleties, coupled with the fifty guineas which you had to pay in fines and costs, will impress upon you the fact, which as a business man one would have expected you to know quite well, that the only articles which can be called "British made" are those which are made in Britain.

JOHN BULL.

To Bishop WELLDON,
The Deanery, Durham.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR,—You are a broad-minded prelate, and I have considerable respect for you, but your recent remarks on international morality seem to me to be all wrong. You consider that Russia is a worse offender than Germany because she has repudiated responsibility for the repayment of borrowed money—while the Germans, you say, "have not formally disowned obligations which they have formally accepted." What about those reparations? You must know as well as I do that Germany has done nothing to carry out her undertakings in this direction, and that what she is supposed to have done is merely camouflage. From the point of view of morality, surely cunning evasion is worse than open repudiation!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Councillor MORRISON,
Mayor of Richmond, Surrey.

SIR,—I gather that there will be no danger of undue liveliness at the Mayoral functions during your year of office, as you have stated your determination to bar all alcoholic liquor. What I can never understand about you teetotal fanatics is your mania for imposing your views upon other people. A beer-drinking Mayor would never dream of objecting to supply his teetotal guests with lemonade! Why, then, can't you drink your fancy tipple without making long speeches about it?

JOHN BULL.

To FELIX J. C. POLE, Esq.,
General Manager, Great Western Railway.

MY DEAR SIR,—Is there any particular reason why the carriage doors of your main line expresses are often locked when they draw into the crowded departure platforms of your London and provincial termini? Of course, it must be highly remunerative for the porters, who unlock them for the highest bidder. On the other hand, it isn't fair. Holidays are coming—just see to it.

JOHN BULL.

To Bailie GRAY,
Aberdeen.

SIR,—If there is one crime more than another which sickens an average Briton, it is an indecent assault upon an innocent child. You had a foul brute named James Ironside before you, charged with an almost incredible act of filthiness upon a child three years of age. After accosting other little girls in the street and offering them pennies for kisses, he lured this baby into his own house and assaulted her. As the offence was admitted, it was a perfectly clear case—and, moreover, it was Ironside's *thirteenth* conviction. Yet the punishment which you considered appropriate for this beast was ten days' imprisonment! Such an outrageously paltry sentence is a disgrace to you and to the Bench on which you sit. The sooner you cease to exercise judicial functions, for which you are obviously totally unfitted, the better it will be for the good name of Aberdeen.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. FRANK KELCHER SMITH,
Baker, 87, Water Lane, Brixton.

SIR,—I do not know whether you have ever posed as a sportsman, but after your action to recover from your bookmaker the sum of £189 paid by cheque in respect of betting losses, it is quite clear that you can never do so in future. The law on this subject is very hard on the bookie, and you won your case. You also won on the counter-claim for £57 which the bookie had paid to you. Mr. Justice Darling suggested that you should at least pay this back, but you refused. I imagine your betting career is over, for I am sure that no decent bookmaker will have any further dealings with you. The obvious thing for you to do, now that you have been warned off as a defaulter, is to join the Anti-Gambling League.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. JENNER,
Dover.

DEAR MADAM,—I should like, if I may, to offer you my deepest sympathy in the sad loss you have sustained in the death of your gallant husband, who died a hero's death in the ill-fated *Egypt*. He had possessed himself of a lifebelt and would doubtless have been saved, but at the last moment he saw a woman without one. "Pardon, madam," he said, "I cannot swim, but take the lifebelt." It must be a consolation to you in your bereavement to know that this noble act of self-sacrifice, typical of the true spirit of Britons throughout the ages, will live long in the memory of his fellow-countrymen. His heroic deed was one of which you and your children may proudly speak throughout your lives.

JOHN BULL.

To ARTHUR CONMY,
Somewhere in the Isle of Wight.

DEAR ARTHUR,—You appear to have been enjoying the time of your life, dodging the police through woodland glades and forest depths, and relieving, by night, the larder shelves of island residents. By the time you receive this, you probably will have been re-captured and lodged safely again in Parkhurst Prison. But you may console yourself with the thought that your attempt to lead a simple but predatory life caused a good deal of local consternation. By the way, who helped you?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. IAN MACPHERSON, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions.

RT. HON. SIR,—Are you aware of the storm of indignation that has been aroused at Bradford by the refusal of your Ministry to pay the funeral expenses of a Somme hero who died from tuberculosis due to his wounds? But for the generosity of a few of his old comrades, he would have been buried in a pauper's grave. Please see that such a shocking thing doesn't occur again.

JOHN BULL.

781 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

A Job for the Premier

AS a general rule the best place for a Prime Minister is at home, and few will begrudge him the warmth of his welcome. With much that our friend Sir William Bull, M.P., says upon another page we cordially agree. But there is a job waiting for Mr. Lloyd George. He must settle the Engineers' dispute. Its long drawn-out misery is a disgrace to all concerned. There are 800,000 men involved, and the privations they have suffered are engendering a black hatred that may breed all manner of mischief.

The actual facts of the dispute afford no excuse for its prolongation. Good-will and common sense would have ended the quarrel long ago.

It is just one of those situations which call for the very qualities which the Prime Minister possesses in a high degree, and which upon several occasions in his great career have paved the way to peace. Now that the Genoa Conference is out of the path, the Premier's place is at the head of a table around which the parties to the Engineers' dispute should gather and not separate till a way out of the deadlock has been found. It is as a conciliator that Mr. Lloyd George has achieved his greatest triumphs. For all his prowess as a fighter, he is greater still in the rôle of peacemaker.

Meanwhile the tragic folly of this dispute must rejoice the hearts of our enemies. In the last two years the Amalgamated Engineers' Union have expended over £2,000,000 in unemployment benefit. The stoppage of the engineering works has diverted trade into foreign channels and dealt British industry a blow from which it will take years to recover. And all for the want of a little courage, a saving touch of humour, and the inspiring note of leadership.

If an offer comes from Mr. Lloyd George to arbitrate in the Engineers' quarrel, the public will have little sympathy with its rejection, and the side which takes the responsibility of declining his good offices will be severely discredited. But we anticipate no such refusal. We implore the Premier to try his hand.

The Deadly Dope

THE cocaine peril is growing. It is idle to pretend for our comfort that it is a mere newspaper scare. The truth is within the knowledge of many doctors, of the police, and of every man-about-town.

Not less serious are the subsidiary perils which lurk in the wake of the drug. It is as a sexual excitant that cocaine is largely in demand, and the gravest moral disaster is its nightly concomitant. All this is known and must be faced.

On the other hand, the legitimate medical uses of the drug have within late years been greatly diminished. As an anæsthetic it has many efficient substitutes, and only in operations to the nose and throat is the use of cocaine essential.

Once this fact is appreciated it becomes apparent that fresh enterprises for the manufacture of "dope" can have none but the most evil significance. In Germany large factories are being erected for no other purpose, there being, unfortunately, no guarantee that the pestilence can be confined within her own borders. The Dutch talk already of importing the coca plant into Java and forcing its growth by intensive cultivation.

These developments can mean only one thing They spell the corruption of youth, the decay of womanhood and, unless the evil can be checked, the moral disintegration of the race.

The remedy must be an international one. It is no use closing our ports to the entry of the drug and imposing penalties upon its retail distribution while in other countries golden profits are the reward of its wholesale manufacture. Here, surely, is a task for the League of Nations.

The suppression of the traffic in "dope" is an aim in which men and women of goodwill in every country can unite. It should be an easy matter to gauge within narrow limits the amount of cocaine needed for surgical uses, and after that we must have an international Cocaine Convention to wipe this vile traffic from the face of the globe. It is idle to compare the vogue of such a deadly drug with the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

The moderate use of good liquor is a habit none but fanatics condemn. The "moderate" use of cocaine, if such a term may be applied, is the first step on the road to death and damnation.

The Brand of Cain

BEFORE these lines appear Herbert Rowse Armstrong will have met his death on the scaffold. We have little sympathy with those who can gloat over the dread culmination of this bitter tragedy. In a case so revolting there could be no thought of mercy, but there are finer things in our civilisation, thank God, than the hangman's rope.

On the morning of Armstrong's execution we need not be ashamed to feel pity for his three children—doubly orphaned at a single blow, cheated of life's promise by a bludgeon stroke of fate. Life can at times be terribly cruel to children, and the fact that they do not understand makes it rather worse than better. But in the Armstrong tragedy we can make amends.

It is for the public, and especially for the neighbours of these poor waifs, to teach them that there are kindlier forces in human life than justice and retribution. If these children are made to suffer a moment's avoidable pain through the crime of their father, someone will be sadly to blame.

If Armstrong deserved his fate—as few deny—then a thousand times more do his children deserve tenderness and pity. The mercy we could not extend to the murderer of a helpless woman should go out in extended measure to the children who were hers still more than his.

An Ocean Peril

A FIRM embargo must be laid upon the employment of Lascar crews on British liners. This is the plain moral of the *Egypt* disaster. These assorted representatives of the coloured races are not fitted to sustain the fine traditions of our Mercantile Marine. If there are not enough men of British birth to man the ships we must at least have white men who know how to behave in a crisis.

The scene aboard the *Egypt* must have been ghastly beyond description. Never again can it be suggested, as a former Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company had the hardihood to declare, that Lascar seamen are "better disciplined than white sailors." That they are cheaper goes without saying, but if the hideous fiasco of the *Egypt* is to be repeated, the saving so effected can be regarded only as the dividends of death.

Decent people will refuse to wring their hands over such headlines as "Million of Specie Goes to the Bottom," but the knowledge that the lives of women and children have been needlessly sacrificed through a system that has nothing to recommend it but economy will stir them to just anger.

Not long ago the Australian Government refused a mail contract subsidy to a line of steamships, solely on the ground that they were manned by Lascar crews. It is no use railing at men who lack our British traditions of discipline, and are therefore unfitted to face the sudden perils of the sea.

The remedy is as soon as possible to place a ban on their employment, making it clear to the shipping companies that no considerations of profit can palliate such risks as those which have now added one more black chapter to the sombre annals of the sea.

Tidying up the Law

THE presumption of law that when a married woman commits a crime in the presence of her husband she must be held to have acted under his "coercion" has been doomed since the notorious case of Mrs. Peel. Now, we understand, a committee of eminent Judges and lawyers are definitely to demand its abolition.

In the future a married woman must stand on her own feet in a criminal court. And quite right too, will be the general comment.

There are other untidy bits of the law that need clearing up. It is surely unfair that a husband should be liable in damages for his wife's "torts"—that is, wrongful acts of a civil, as distinct from a criminal, nature, even though he has no knowledge of or participation in them. The sweeping away of this anomaly should be the next step in the modernisation of the law.

The Married Women's Property Act of 1882 was the first step in the legal emancipation of women, and we are all for the equality of the sexes before the law. But it should cut both ways.

MADE IN GERMANY

How Films are Disguised

WHETHER German or Austrian films are to be shown here is a matter for the public. Most other types of goods are being sold openly, and it is only by this openness that the public has the opportunity of discriminating and pleasing itself whether it buys or not. With films it is different. The public is unaware of the nationality of a photoplay unless it is American or British of a known brand or containing popular artistes.

Attempts are being made to take advantage of this lack of knowledge to foist German and Austrian films on the public as French, Italian and even Danish. The first objection is that propaganda of a subtle nature can be got over in this way, whereas it would fail if the public knew where the films really came from. The second objection is that many people would have the strongest objection to paying to see German pictures if they knew they were German.

Though they have not yet reached the public, at least three films whose origin has been obscured are on the market. One of these is called "The Heart of an Acrobat," and purports to be an Italian production. Save for the star and his wife, the artistes are German, and the film was made by a German company.

Another, called here "A Royal Romance," and offered as a French film, is entirely Austrian in cast and production, while yet another, "The Gods of Asia," offered without any denomination, is Austrian.

It is only fair that the public should know where these films come from, and not be duped into believing that they emanate from Allied countries. JOHN BULL will give them, and any others it discovers which are camouflaged, all the publicity which is desirable in the public interest.

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WHO IS SHIELDING BEVAN?

Defaulter's Influence in High Places

WHERE is Mr. Gerard Lee Bevan? Why do the months still go by without the arrest of this elusive person? Why is it that even the hue and cry has died down, and that all the British public now hear of him is that his country house is let or that his furniture has been sold?

There is just the possibility, infinitely remote though it be, that the authorities both in this country and on the Continent are genuinely in the dark as to Bevan's whereabouts.

He is clever, and he must have taken large sums of money with him. But that he should be still at large, even with these advantages, is so strange that it is difficult to believe that he is relying solely on his own ingenuity.

For some weeks past now London has been humming with rumours, and these need, as is usual with rumours, much careful sifting if one is to draw near anything like the truth. One thread runs through them all, and that is the question as to whether Bevan's protracted concealment from justice is being officially winked at.

Do the authorities want Bevan to be arrested? If not, who are the influential persons to whom Bevan's arrest would be embarrassing or even disastrous?

To what extent is the Government directly or indirectly involved in the troubles of the City Equitable?

How has it been possible to "fix" things with the Continental police?

The City Equitable has already claimed some exalted victims, who must have entered innocently enough into Bevan's schemes, and remained deeply involved in them with minds content to let the "wizard of finance" himself pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them.

Sir Douglas Dawson, a servant of the Royal Household, and Lord Ribblesdale, most picturesque of peers—honourable men, both of them—can have no cause to bless the name of Bevan. But as far as they are concerned the cat is out of the bag, for their names have been revealed. If the whole episode scarcely adds to their reputations, it certainly detracts nothing from them.

But are these two gentlemen, and a few others whose names have appeared in the directors' lists, the only well-known people to have been associated, however innocently, with Bevan? Are there not persons of even more exalted status, and whose positions in the country are infinitely more powerful and important, who are also involved—more deeply and almost certainly less innocently?

The whereabouts of Bevan, at any rate three weeks ago, was an open secret among people in the know in both London and Paris. That no paper on either side of the Channel published the information which it could easily have obtained, and probably did obtain, is little short of miraculous.

Lord Northcliffe, immediately after the man's disappearance, offered a reward of 25,000 francs. This must have been a temptation to the Paris police, who are by no means well paid. But it would be a trifling matter for those who have dealt in tens of millions of pounds to double or quadruple that amount as hush money.

And what is the position of certain members of the Government in the matter? It is a fact that Bevan was on terms of intimate friendship with more than one well-known mover in Government circles. Undoubtedly he made money for them—at any rate, for a time. Then, too, there is the female element. One of the most powerful women behind the scenes last year was a young actress who never had any great success on the stage, but who rose to dazzling heights away from it.

Bevan bought her a beautiful house in the heart of Mayfair, and filled it with exquisite things. The girl could, and can, talk well, and has an excellent head for business. To her house came half influential London—the male half. Cabinet Ministers have dined there, M.P.s flocked to her little receptions.

Her connection with Bevan ended some time before he absconded, and it is said that much of her booty obtained from him consists of shares and bonds now utterly worthless, though on paper she is a very rich woman.

But, through her, many of her distinguished visitors met Bevan, and but few can resist the temptation to make more money, particularly when it can apparently be done in an innocent fashion.

Is Bevan being saved out of gratitude? Or is he being concealed through fear? If so, how long is this state of affairs to continue? It is pretty obvious that some wirepulling is proceeding vigorously somewhere. And we have a pretty shrewd idea as to who are doing the pulling.

FLEECING THE FISHERMEN

Iceland's Way of Increasing Her Revenue

WHEN is the Government going to make a drastic protest to Iceland against the treatment meted out in Icelandic waters to British fishermen?

What is happening is this. Danish gunboats patrolling Icelandic waters are continually "running-in" British trawlers on various more or less flimsy pretexts of breaches of the Icelandic Fishery Laws. The charge is usually either one of poaching within the three-mile limit or of not having fishing gear properly stowed away when in territorial waters. The latter is the favourite form of accusation.

In each case the trawler is stopped by a fully-armed gunboat. A party comes on board, bullies and browbeats the trawler captain and puts the vessel under arrest.

The captain is tried in almost court-martial fashion. If he pleads guilty the fine is 2,000 Danish kroner, equivalent to £200 English. If he pleads not guilty, the fine is liable to be 2,500 kroner, or £250. Hence, as it comes £50 cheaper, the unfortunate English captain is usually guilty, out of his own mouth.

It is believed that the Icelandic Government collects quite a useful little revenue in this way. Trawlers are often driven inshore or into harbour by storms, and their crews are too busy looking after the safety of the vessel to attempt to get the nets and gear all stowed shipshape on board. To say nothing of the risk of their lives in trying it. Therefore they must pay a swingeing fine and look pleasant.

The so-called police courts are often held on board the gunboats themselves.

The British Consul in Iceland is a native of that country, and the Government has admitted that it has never investigated whether he looks after our interests efficiently. It is up to Mr. Harmsworth, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to make enquiries. Why cannot we have a really British Consul in Iceland?

ARMSTRONG'S OTHER MURDERS

Re-rudescence of Mediæval Poisoning Mania

by EDGAR WALLACE

BY the time these words are read, Herbert Rowse Armstrong will have paid the penalty for his supreme folly.

Immediately following the Hereford trial, I expressed in this journal my condemnation of the evidence on which he was convicted. I said then that an accused person, however guilty he might be, should not be sent to the pit in a poison trial unless there was evidence of administration. I said all this, *knowing that evidence of administration was available, and that it was not called because the Crown feared to question Nurse Allen owing to the vagueness of her memory as to whether she or Major Armstrong opened a bottle of champagne on the day the poison was administered.*

THE line I took in my article was practically the line taken by Sir Henry Curtis Bennett before the Court of Criminal Appeal. But though I argued, as I hope one may always argue when a human life is at stake, on the assumption that the man *might* be innocent and *was* convicted on evidence which I submitted was insufficient evidence, I have been in no doubt that Armstrong was guilty.

It is practically certain that, for many years, Armstrong had been systematically and cold-bloodedly poisoning those who stood between himself and the fulfilment of his ambitions. In this he resembled Palmer, rather than Neil Cream.

IN appearance Armstrong was remarkable. He was well under normal size, but so well proportioned that he did not seem small. He had the tiniest head that I have ever seen.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to trace Armstrong's first bad crime. One, of which we are fairly certain, is the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Cheese. Cheese was an elderly man practising as a solicitor at Hay and was Armstrong's partner—to this day the firm is known as Cheese and Armstrong.

Cheese and Mrs. Cheese were seized with a sudden illness after taking food with Armstrong, and died within a few hours of one another, the symptoms of their illness being consistent with arsenical poisoning. Indeed, so satisfied were the authorities that their death could be laid at Armstrong's door that, after his arrest the exhumation of their bodies was considered and I believe authorised. Night after night, the patient reporters of the London Press sat on the wall of the churchyard expecting the Order to be carried into effect. For reasons of policy, and believing after the *post-mortem* examination of Mrs. Armstrong's remains that sufficient evidence existed to convict the Major, the exhumation was not proceeded with.

The third known case is that of Davis, the land agent. Davis was a dwarf who lived at Hereford, and he was known to be suffering from cancer of the throat. Concerned in the transfer of certain properties—the identical properties in which Martin, the Hay solicitor, was interested—he was invited by Armstrong to come to Cusop to talk things over. They had tea together, and afterwards Davis went back to Hereford. On his way home he was taken violently ill, and died shortly afterwards. No *post-mortem* examination was made, in view of his known malady; but here again the authorities were prepared, if need be, to proceed to exhumation.

EARLIER, I have said that there was certain shaky evidence that Armstrong had given his wife champagne on the day when, according to the medical evidence, she received a fatal dose of arsenic It is almost certain that he invariably gave the poison in liquid. The "excuse fingers" episode in the attempted murder of Mr. Martin, which was given in evidence to prove that the poison was administered in a buttered scone, was merely advanced by the prosecution to furnish legal proof that some food or other had been personally administered by the poisoner. The poison was actually given in tea.

With these facts made known, the refusal of the Attorney-General to issue his *fiat* will be better appreciated.

ARMSTRONG was one of the misshapen flasks of God—a type of moral deficient which recurs throughout the ages, and which is no more remarkable than any other eccentricity of nature. It is good for the world that he should pass quickly.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

IT is commonly assumed by his detractors that Lord Northcliffe is an unscrupulous scoundrel whose every action is a piece of carefully calculated villainy, and who starts a scare, just as a sportsman starts a hare, for the mere fun of the chase.

Now, I hold no brief for Lord Northcliffe's political opinions. In fact I usually find myself in the opposite camp. But to pretend for a moment that he isn't perfectly sincere, that he doesn't honestly believe himself right, is childish.

No man can rise to the top of the tree with his tongue in his cheek. He must believe in himself, even if he cannot believe in anything else. Lord Northcliffe does believe in himself—wholeheartedly. But (and here is the real point) he believes in himself as an instrument. This puts him at once head and shoulders above the mere individualist and at the same time makes him a far greater power for good or for ill.

NOW you may criticise a man's opinions as fully as you like, but it is sheer waste of time to criticise his methods. Lord Northcliffe is unscrupulous. If he were not unscrupulous, he would not be Lord Northcliffe. It is his nature.

Lord Northcliffe adds to his other crimes the fact of sometimes being amazingly right. I will never forget the sensation, and the jubilation, caused by his famous attack on Kitchener. "That's cooked his goose!" crowed all the timid warriors of Fleet Street. The circulation of the *Daily Mail* dropped about 50 per cent. inside twenty-four hours, and its owner spent a sleepless night or two. But the goose went on laying golden eggs in spite of everything; and it was

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

that article more than anything else which gave Lord Northcliffe at a stroke the prestige and influence that so astonished French, German and American politicians throughout the war.

It is absurd to suggest that Lord Northcliffe did this either for the fun of the thing or fo personal popularity. He has risked everything again and again to do what he firmly believes to be the right thing. We cannot possibly question his sincerity, however much we may sometimes question his sanity.

AT the moment, for instance, he really does think that Japan is a serious menace in the Pacific. He *may* be right; though his method of scarifying the British public into a realisation of the fact is open to criticism.

The trouble with Lord Northcliffe is, I think, that he lacks humour. In ordinary conversation he gives one the impression of being tremendously in earnest and uncommonly pessimistic, and the leading articles of his papers reflect his politically lugubrious disposition.

Quite often during the late war that dismal outlook of his saved the country when the cheery optimism of the "wait and see" gang would have ruined it. But it has its drawbacks, too—especially in peace-time. For the man who persistently believes in the worst helps to create an atmosphere in which the worst flourishes.

If only he weren't so serious in his outlook, if only he weren't so sincere in his beliefs, Lord Northcliffe would be a national institution. No one represents so admirably the courage, independence, outspokenness and sterling fighting qualities of the English race. But he lacks the most characteristic, perhaps the most vital, quality of all: its humour.

THAT is where he fails. Humour is the only weapon with which he could beat the Prime Minister. The moment Lord Northcliffe makes a joke that is laughed at outside Carmelite House, Mr. Lloyd George had better begin to pack up.

Love or Passion?

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MAY a contributor differ from his editor without being blasted? Here goes, anyhow.

A strong article appeared in JOHN BULL recently on the subject of Divorce, dwelling on the hardships of some for whom the law is still too strict in this regard and echoing the oft-repeated statement that the loveless marriage is immoral and should be ended. The logic of this position apparently is that there should be no legal obstacle to dissolving a marriage when either party is tired of the other and wants a change of mate. It accords with the tendency of the age to claim for the individual the right to do exactly what he likes without respect to social obligations of any kind. We had better think well about consequences before admitting that doctrine.

I once heard Mr. Sidney Webb say that every civilisation preceding our own had been wrecked on sex, and that ours might follow suit—a penetrating observation. People are forgetting that marriage is a contract in which society as a whole has as vital an interest as that of the contracting parties. And why should there be any loveless marriages? Love is not passion; passion is the most selfish thing on earth, but love in the sense of mutual esteem is a matter of the will. When marriage fails, it is because character fails. And free love, otherwise free lust, will never improve on it.

SPORT—AND BETTING

by A. G. GARDINER

THEY are not the same thing. They are no more the same thing than the elm-tree and the ivy-tree which strangles it are the same thing. No one will suggest that I cannot love an elm tree without wishing to plant an ivy tree at its roots to show my love. The best way of showing we like elm trees is to cut away its parasite.

And so with sport. Horse-racing is a fine sport, cricket is a fine sport, football is a fine sport, boxing is a fine sport. But when the money interest over-runs them they cease to be sports at all. It is because I love sport that I loathe its parasite. If people must gamble—and I suppose they always will gamble—let them gamble on the weather, or the crops, or the number of people that will ride in the Underground, or anything else into which roguery cannot enter. No rascality can make it rain in torrents on July 1st, and if you bet that it will rain in torrents on July 1st you will have an honest run for your money. And you won't do any harm to the weather. But gambling on sport poisons sport.

Take that ugly scene at the Carpentier-Lewis fiasco. Was it love of sport that produced it, or was it the fact that mountains of money hung on the event? The question answers itself. Boxing has become a gigantic instrument for financial speculation which has no more to do with sport than with the law of gravitation.

Is there anyone who has seen the film of the Carpentier-Dempsey fight who would not agree that it was an enormous joke played on a gullible public? It was not a boxing match, but a skipping match in which, for the agreeable object of dividing—was it £70,000—the combatants agreed to go through the form of the knock-out blow. And the jest was so profitable that we are promised its repetition. It is all to be gone through solemnly again, not because Carpentier has any more chance of beating Dempsey than a fishing smack has of ramming a Dreadnought, but because another sham fight will bring fortunes to the principals, the promoters and to their satellites. Carpentier and his crowd, we are told, are convinced that he can win in Europe; Dempsey and his crowd assure us that Carpentier is much improved since he fought Dempsey in Jersey City. Of course. What else should they say? Aren't they going to have another match? Aren't they going to make another splendid haul out of the make-believe?

And for months to come the innocent public will swallow torrents of garbage about the heroes. Then they will appear before a "house" of £100,000 or so for another skipping match, in which Carpentier will take his knock-out blow as before. I daresay Dempsey will administer it with as little unpleasantness as possible. Then the two heroes will shake hands (and wink) and go away with another fortune of £20,000 or £50,000 apiece in their pockets.

This is not sport. It is spoof. Has not the British public had enough of it?

IS LL. GEORGE A TRAITOR?

by THE RT. HON. SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

THE fashion nowadays is to abuse Mr. Lloyd George. It is a cheap and easy pastime, and as long as the rules of the game are observed there is no particular harm in it. But certain recent attacks have exceeded the bounds of fair criticism. To read some of the articles which have lately appeared in a section of the Press, one would imagine that the object of their hatred was not a tried and trusted British statesman, but a sneaking traitor or an open enemy. To say the least, this is "not cricket." Moreover, it betokens a false estimate of the public mind, which does not like its politics played quite so low down.

RT. HON. SIR WM. BULL

I AM not going to throw bouquets at the Prime Minister—who does not want them, and would not thank me for them. But I hope I have a sense of fair play, and I will not stand by in silence while the man to whom, a few years ago, we owed our salvation as an Empire is shamelessly traduced. It is a matter of deep satisfaction to me that since the Armistice, as during the conflict with Germany, I have been able conscientiously to support the broad lines of policy pursued by the Prime Minister. But if, on the other hand, I had felt bound to disagree with him, I should at least have given him credit for honesty of purpose. I should never have tried to represent him as a cunning schemer, intent only upon personal ends, devoid of moral principle.

ALL who know Lloyd George personally are aware that this picture of him is a malevolent caricature. Faults he has, as the greatest of men have had, and I am sure he would quarrel with no description which painted him "warts and all." But the least tribute we can pay to one who, through the blackest years of our history, stood unflinchingly at the helm, never wavering in the hour of greatest peril, is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

No other man alive in Europe to-day could have achieved what the Prime Minister did at Genoa. The whole thing looked like being what, in the parlance of the hour, is called a "wash out," when Mr. Lloyd George, in a flash of intuitive genius, seized the situation with both hands and adapted it to the pressing needs of peace.

In the early days of the Conference the thinnest of partitions divided Europe from war. It needed a swift mind to appraise the situation and a shrewd judgment to apply the remedy; moreover, it called for the great quality of leadership, which is among the rarest of human attributes. The publication of the terms of the Russo-German agreement was a shock which would have daunted a lesser man, but it merely served to brace the energies of the Prime Minister and rouse him to fresh efforts towards a settlement.

The result may not have come up to our expectations in all respects, but at least the Genoa Conference has given us the assurance of six months' peace in Europe. Such an interval of tranquility may mean peace for a generation, in view of the cross-currents of passion and intrigue which have made the whole Continent a vortex of unrest for many months past. This is an almost miraculous boon. It is the achievement mainly of the British Prime Minister, carried out in the teeth of French opposition, and to the accompaniment of a snarling chorus of spite from the enemies at home.

NOW I say that to ignore all this and to pretend that Lloyd George has accomplished nothing at Genoa is to outrage the common decencies of political life. I have been sharply censured for the small part I took with my friend Sir George Croydon Marks in the arrangements for the Prime Minister's reception on his return to England.

There is nothing in my whole career of which I am less ashamed. After all, it was only a question of getting together a few friends and supporters of the Prime Minister who had spontaneously expressed a desire to give him a welcome home. Yet so low can spite and envy stoop that one or two of the newspapers went so far as to suggest that had it not been for us there would have been no welcome at all. Such a ridiculous travesty of fact defeats its object.

The Prime Minister was sure of a warm reception in any case, but I felt, rightly or wrongly, that the occasion was one which demanded formal recognition.

I am afraid the truth of the matter is that before the war we got so much into the habit of regarding Mr. Lloyd George as an aggressive Party Politician that many of us, especially some members of the Party to which I belong, do not quite realise that to-day we are dealing with an infinitely greater man. It was not as a Party Politician but as an ambassador of civilisation that he went to Genoa.

The principles he sought to apply were not those of a narrow political faith, but of a broad humanity having peace for its aim and righteousness for its means.

CRITICISE him if you will, obstruct him if you must, but be fair and leave mud-throwing to those who can be comfortable only with dirty hands.

There was a time when Lloyd George was spoken of as a "Little Englander," and, as I have said, there are some who cannot or will not recognise the extent to which he has redeemed the indiscretions of a tempestuous career.

To-day, he is, above all else, a "good European," and if there were a statesman with his mind and heart at the helm of affairs in France we need have no fear lest the blood of our heroes should prove to have been spilt in vain.

BRIBERY RAMPANT

by The Rt. Hon. LORD LAMBOURNE

VERY few people, outside the ranks of traders, are aware of the extent to which bribery is practised in this country to-day. During the last year or two this form of corruption has grown so rapidly that at the present time it is a grave menance to the trade of the country.

There are very few businesses, large or small, in which bribery by secret commission is not going on. The number of convictions obtained against evil doers during the past twelve months is not a true guide, by any means, to the actual state of affairs—for although it is well known that bribery is rampant, no action can be taken unless one of the parties involved is ready to come forward with definite evidence which he is willing to support in a Court of Law. People are naturally very reluctant to do this.

ALREADY the names of many persons, together with the particulars of crimes with which they are charged, are known to the Secret Commission and Bribery Prevention League, but nothing can be done because the information has been given confidentially.

The bribes appear in various disguises. Most frequently they take the simple form of a money payment—the worst type of which is a pro-rata commission on business done; sometimes in the shape of a loan, which places the borrower at the absolute mercy of the lender, who if he be dissatisfied with the amount of the custom he receives can call in the advance. Occasionally the bribe consists of presents of plate, wine or other things, and not infrequently it is administered in the form of lavish hospitality and treating.

AN example of the ramifications of this corrupt practice is provided by facts supplied to the League by a member who was recently in control of one of the largest restaurants in the West End of London, and who was constantly offered bribes—sometimes as much as £100—by suppliers. He took them all. Without the knowledge of the Directors of the restaurant he opened a new banking account in their name, into which he paid all these illegitimate sums.

In one case, the briber, a butcher, who naturally wanted to retrieve the money paid away, began to supply inferior meat—when, much to his astonishment, Mr. X promptly closed the account. Seeking revenge, the butcher went to the Directors and protested against this action, accusing Mr. X of taking bribes all round. Mr. X was sent for, and in the presence of the butcher admitted that his charge was perfectly true, and sending for the special bank book, he showed the Board that within the space of a few months he had paid into their account bribes amounting to as much as £1,400.

Incredible as this may appear, precisely the same thing is going on, and to a much larger extent, not only at the particular restaurant referred to, but at others in the same locality.

There is no doubt that the honest tradesman in the West End of London has a very uphill battle to fight when he deals with servants rather than with their masters or mistresses, and his position deserves more consideration that that of the customer who is too rich or too indolent to concern himself as to whether he is robbed or not.

LORD LAMBOURNE

Many other illustrations of how the bribe is gradually working its cankerous way into almost every form of transaction are provided by the following concrete examples, not all of which, however, are criminal in a legal sense.

A DOCTOR recommends to his patients a certain proprietary article in which he is, unknown to them, financially interested.

Manufacturing engineers return a specification to a consulting engineer, quoting a net price. In a covering letter it is stated that this price includes a commission of five per cent. to the consulting engineer, who, of course is, or should be, paid by his clients.

The secretary of a company owning house property, which is in great demand, is offered a bribe by a person anxious to take a house so that his application may be considered out of turn.

A certain firm offers a man already in employment a superior position if before changing situations he brings them certain details as to the business of his present employers.

An engineer-in-charge complains to his employer that A's lubricating oil is unsatisfactory and inferior to B's. His employer privately changes the receptacles for the oil, and the engineer then praises A's oil under the impression that it is B's.

A dairyman supplies a big public school. On being taxed by an auditor with paying large sums to the cooks at Christmas time, he confesses that to put matters right he charges the school houses with a few extra pounds of butter above what they receive.

THE list is almost inexhaustible. In the end it is the public who suffer, for the man who is giving away his money is compelled to retrieve the situation by equally foul means, and the ultimate result is the supply of an inferior quality of goods.

It was following upon disclosures in JOHN BULL that the famous Canteen prosecution of 1914 was undertaken, resulting in many convictions involving severe penalties. The same searchlight of publicity is needed to stem the present ever-widening stream of corruption.

"LOVE—THE TEACHER"

by SIR HARRY LAUDER

LOVE has been used so much as a theme of humour that it's a difficult matter to get a lot o' folk to take it seriously.

Yet love is the most beautiful thing in the world; and everything worth having in life springs from it.

The ordinary, every-day, middle-aged man in the street—the man who works at the bench next to you, who sits opposite you in the office—if he told you what is, as like as not, the *only* story in his life that matters, love would be the keynote.

He was a single man before he was as you see him now; meeting all kinds of bonnie lassies at parties and dances; every wee while coming across one he thought was the *only* one. Then—one wonderful day—he found the one that really was . . .

And they got married. Their flat was in Tooting; or it might have been a cottage in Edgbaston, or a wee "but an' ben" across the Border, perhaps in Dennistoun. For the first time, he took on responsibilities.

It was love that taught him.

With the rent, rates and taxes and household expenses to be met week by week, he had to realise that there was somebody to be cared for who mattered more in the world than himself.

And then a bairn comes along. And what has had to do for two has to do for three—it might be four or five in a few years.

He finds he has to cut down his smoking a bit, forget about the football match on Saturday that everybody else was going to see, or give up some little personal pleasure that once mattered so much to him, in order to pay for the shoes that wee Mary—and was there ever a bairn like her?—must have that week-end. He has to make sacrifices.

It was love that taught him.

And that is just how love develops a body. It teaches responsibility, it teaches sacrifice, it widens a man's outlook on life—his attitude towards the other fellows.

Love makes him tolerant; it shows him that there is good in most folk, even if it takes a wee bit of delving down to find it.

Love makes him realise that a neighbour is fashioned very much like himself. It makes him neighbourly, and his neighbourliness makes his neighbour neighbourly too.

For love brings understanding—and understanding brings friendship.

And what more can man desire in life than love—and the friendship it brings?

It means the social evening round your own hearth, or round the hearth of the neighbour who is a *real* neighbour—because love gives him a hearth and responsibilities round it not much different from what you have yourself.

It is these little neighbourly evenings that refresh your soul, and send you out to your labours with a new and fresh resolve to make friends all the time.

Love is the only School that teaches Boys and Girls to be real Men and Women.

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

Shouldering Our Responsibilities

I WANT to see all classes of ex-Service men fairly treated by the country they saved; and I will say this for my fellow countrymen and women—that I have never put the case of the ex-Service man to any public or private gathering without receiving a sympathetic hearing and a generous response.

But the case needs to be brought home. What most people lack in this matter is not the feeling of gratitude towards the men who fought for us, but the sense of personal responsibility for their present and future welfare. Sympathy is too often united with the belief that practical action is some other man's job—perhaps the Government's job.

That is a wrong idea. It is everyone's personal duty to help. Every individual who fails to do so is shirking his private share in the nation's Debt of Honour.

THIS personal duty to help is not confined to any one section of the community. It applies to both rich and poor, and to ex-Service men themselves as well as to others. How can ex-Service men expect help from outside if they are not ready to help each other? Let us show that we have still a spirit of comradeship among ourselves, and a feeling of responsibility to each other and to the community.

Rights beget responsibilities. Let us shoulder our own. Then can ex-Service men fairly ask that, as they have done and are still doing their duty to their country, so their country should do its duty to them.

Haig. F.M.

IN the industrial world the outlook is better than it has been for many months, and, in anticipation of a revival in trade, arrangements have been perfected for the establishment of Employment Departments not only at Headquarters but in the Areas and in a large number of the 1,800 Legion branches throughout the country.

Chambers of Commerce and large employers of labour are being approached and invited to use the facilities that will provide the right man for the right job. The Employment agencies established so far are to be found at :—

Headquarters in London, 26, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

Metropolitan Area Headquarters, 25, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

East Midland Area Headquarters, 19, Co-operative Street, Long Eaton, near Notts.

West Midland Area Headquarters, 38, Newspaper House, 174, Corporation St., Birmingham.

North-Eastern Area Headquarters, 10, Leazes Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A VERY strong appeal is made to all employers to remember the Debt of Honour they owe to ex-Service men, and to remember that the men who have returned are quite as anxious to do their duty in the industrial field as they did on the field of battle. It is not only for the fit men, but also on behalf of those who have been physically impaired, that this request is made.

Many thousands of disabled men still await the opportunity to be reabsorbed into industry. Numerous firms have already, from patriotic motives, fulfilled their obligations, and in this connection it is interesting to note that a large colliery concern in the Midlands, in its endeavour to employ disabled men, has actually gone to the length of altering much of its machinery to fit the particular disabilities of those engaged. Such an example of sympathy and support might well commend itself to all employers.

The Legal Bureau :—The Officers' Benevolent Dept. has a legal bureau which gives practical advice. Here is a typical case which shows its usefulness. An officer was owed £775 by his partner upon dissolution of partnership. Unable to obtain payment, he consulted the Bureau, and on its advice a writ was issued for the recovery of the money. Judgment was obtained for the full amount, and the partner paid £40 on account and has undertaken to pay quarterly instalments until the debt is liquidated.

Timely Help :—A Harley Street specialist recommended an officer for Sanatorium treatment at San Remo. For several months he tried to get his treatment. At last he reported his case to the Legion, and within seven days the necessary arrangements were made.

On His Feet :—Precarious indeed was the position of an ex-soldier. He had no pension, no employment, a delicate wife, and seven little children, who had scarcely a crust to eat. His poverty-stricken home was spotlessly clean. He kept his troubles to himself until the Legion found him out, when it gave him and his family food and sustenance, and made him happier still when it found him a job.

A Testimonial :—"You are brightening up the homes of thousands of families that would have been destitute had it not been for the assistance of the British Legion," wrote a widow the other day. She was pensionless, though her husband died from the effects of his war service. Like many others, she now has a pension through the Legion and the arrears she got helped her to re-establish her little home.

Making Good :—"I have little ready money and your loan will be of great service to me," writes a London man who had been unable to restart his business interrupted by the war. "Such a loan, free of interest," he continues, "is a substantial help to the ex-Service man, and being a loan his self-respect does not suffer. But he does feel that in repaying he is making good 'off his own bat' so to speak." An encouraging feature of these loans is the regularity with which the recipients repay.

The R.N.D. Association :—Our recent reference to the Royal Naval Division Association has drawn a letter of protest from the Committee, on the ground that our remarks tended to disparage the efforts of that Association. Nothing was farther from our thoughts. Battalion and divisional associations have done and are doing most excellent work, particularly in their special sphere of keeping alive the old *esprit de corps* of the unit and maintaining touch between officers and men who have fought side by side. We feel sure that the Royal Naval Division Association has done its full share of that work; but surely it would be to the advantage of all if committees of such associations got into touch with the Legion and encouraged their members to join up, so that the resources of the Legion may become available to help them in the admirable work they are doing.

Jobs at £250 a Year :—At the moment, jobs at £250 a year are not easily picked up. There are three men, each with a splendid war record, who had been workless for some months. They heard of the Legion's Employment Department, and were introduced by it to a prospective employer. He recognised that the Legion would not send anyone who was not qualified, and so he engaged them there and then at the salary named. They are doing very well indeed, and their employer is quite satisfied with their work.

A Good Berth :—A disabled officer found that he could not personally attend to all the details of his private life without the aid of a secretary. The Legion supplied him with a man who is now earning £150 a year with "all found." One of many similar cases.

Something Accomplished :—About sixty miles from Ipswich there lives a crippled dependant, with only 4s. 2d. a week, who was ordered to report at Ipswich in regard to her pension, and was not allowed travelling expenses. The Legion, however, came to her help and paid her fare and the fee for the doctor's certificate.

And an Important Reform :—Since then, the Pensions Department has brought the question of travelling expenses for dependants before the Ministry of Pensions, and is able to report that these expenses will be paid in future. In addition, they have pressed the authorities to accept local certificates.

The Widow's Struggle :—A widow in Newport, Isle of Wight, was in difficulty about her pension. Her case, a very sad one, was taken up by the Legion, and after much time had been devoted in getting the necessary evidence, representations were made to the Appeals Tribunal. Thanks to our efforts, everything has gone the right way, and the £80 which will be paid her will come as a real god-send after her stiff struggle against adversity.

Made Life Worth Living :—Quietly but effectively the Legion Unity Relief Fund does its work. To a naval man, discharged with honours, who being unemployed had to sleep with his wife and three children where he could, life was made worth living by timely assistance from the Fund. Hungry and weary, he applied to the Legion, who provided for him until he received the money rightfully due. Without this help the man would have been utterly down and out, but now he is comfortably established in a small business, and is doing well.

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EVENING NEWS":—"As mixed bathing FATALITIES last season were not taken advantage of, it has been decided to discontinue them at the Spa Road Baths."

"KIDDERMINSTER TIMES":—"He sustained a serious seizure early on Wednesday EVENING while upstairs dressing for BREAKFAST."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE":—"One interesting feature is the presence of a solitary German grave, which is easily distinguishable by a plain WOODEN IRON."

"DAILY MAIL":—"The trouble arose over the RABBIT'S refusal to grant the woman a marriage certificate."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—"The victor WAS BADLY WOUNDED, but had suffered LITTLE HARM."

"EVENING NEWS" (advert.):—"Potatoes. To Army Contractors and Potato Merchants. Owing to the ENDLESS supplies being NEARLY FINISHED, we have secured several consignments of Danish potatoes."

"CHATHAM STANDARD":—"They had LONG thick hair, BOBBED, and always tied with the same ribbon."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—"When there was a discussion about one of her cheques, he CALLED HER A FOOL AND SAID HE WAS TALKING NONSENSE."

EXTRA · TURNS

Mr. Winston S. Churchill.

Where did I get this hat?
Indeed, I couldn't say!
I bought it, with a dozen more,
In town the other day;
I think it rather suits me—
There's not much doubt of *that*;
Yet people ask, where'er I go,
"Where did you get that hat?"

PATTER: Well, how do you like *this* one, then? I call it Sidney—after the great battle, you know, in which I commanded a battery of artillery, when we very nearly captured Peter the Painter . . . You don't think much of it? Very well; what about this one? I call this fellow Pretoria. You notice it bears a slight resemblance to a railway goods truck—reminiscent of my escape from the Boers in 1899. This one's rather smart, too. It's the Antwerp style. Notice how the brim turns back? It's a trifle too big for me, I'll own. So is this—my old Gallipoli. Ah, that was something like a hat when it was new. It was tremendously admired. But the Turkish fez pushed it out of favour, somehow. Have I no older specimens? Certainly. This, for example, is my old Tory topper; and here's my original Radical bowler. I used to wear them alternately. Like to see my Coalition cap? Somehow I don't think it really suits much, but it's more or less the fashion at the moment. Still, I don't think it will be the vogue much longer. New and more distinctive shapes are coming in, but whether they will be put on the market this year or next, I really don't know, and which sort I shall go in for I really cannot say in advance. I expect it will be one of each:

Which next will be my hat?
Indeed, I cannot say—
I'm keen on a variety
With which to sport and play!
I scorn the saucy waiscoat,
And spurn the sporty spat—
But people cry as I pass by
"*Where did you get that hat?*"

Ah, there's a lot of character in a hat, my friends. I'm trying to think out a really striking design for a new one. Something that will startle the public, you know. Something that will make people say, "That's Winston—all over!" or "That's all over Winston!". But you must remember that, although, in my modesty, I have mentioned only the hats that haven't suited me very well, there are others. Take my painting panama, for instance. I look splendid in that

But I'm out for something big this time—the sugar-loaf Welsh hat. Something that will put every other hat in Parliament in the shade. I may even have to build a special Cabinet for it! And—

"Where did you get that hat?"
Again will be the cry
Of other, envious Members
Who watch me pass them by.
Though they might like to have one
Just the same as that,
They know that only Winston,
Can wear a Winston hat!

"The Greatest of These——"

HARD indeed as is the lot of many ex-Service men who bore the burden and heat of the days of battle in the Great War, their trials sometimes appear almost light compared with the pathetic impoverishment of some of the grand old warriors of an earlier generation.

We had brought to our notice last week the distressing circumstances of a veteran gunner of the Royal Garrison Artillery. After twenty years of service his sole income is a pension of tenpence a day. When the great call to arms sounded in 1914, he bravely offered himself to his King and country once more, but his age and the enfeebled state of his health prevented acceptance.

The general distress and the increase in the cost of living which followed the war hit the poor fellow very hard indeed, and to-day we find him, suffering from a painful internal malady, starving on his miserable pittance with his wife, who is over sixty.

The popular pictures of King Charles's pensioners in their scarlet coats basking contentedly in the sunshine of the gardens at Chelsea must not be taken as typical of the lot of the old soldier.

There are others who suffer dire poverty, and we must do our best to comfort them.

†Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)*

Think of His Load!—With no pension and no employment, poor Tommy has a wife and five children, and in a day or two another little arrow will be added to the quiverful.

Employed—But Not Now.—In his hours of enforced idleness, an ex-soldier has ample time to think of what he did for his country and what his country has done for him. Meantime, his little child died, and we saved it from a pauper's grave.

How the New Poor Live.—He had a good position before he joined the Army. Now he is down and out on a pension of 11s. 6d. a week; two of his children are laid up with scarlet fever, and when we were applied to the family was in a state of acute distress.

At the End of the Passage.—With "a wife and three," an ex-soldier who cannot obtain employment rubbed along on the dole and the help of his neighbours. Now the dole has stopped, and he must cudgel his brains to discover how to live on nothing. We gave him help.

One of the Sufferers:—His house having been allowed by the owner to fall into deplorable disrepair, an Ejectment Order was made against a Faversham soldier-tenant, who, with his eight children, was actually turned out into the street on a bitterly cold and rainy day, and forced to seek shelter in a smaller house already overcrowded. When he had protested against the Order, and asked what he was to do, the Magistrates told him he could go to the Workhouse! Such scandals as this should not be possible.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mrs. H. A. (Dymchurch), £1; "Fag," £1; M. A. S. (Perth), £1; H. B. (Battersea), 5s.; J. P. (Mansfield), 5s.; "Many Mercies," 5s.; "Monsters" (Bristol), 5s.; E. L. (Plymouth), 2s.; "Wellwisher" (Wembley Hill), 2s.; "Mother of Six," 2s. 6d. and parcel; E. C. (St. Leonard's), 2s.; Mrs. D. G. D., 2s.; W. McC. (Scotland), 2s. 6d.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; W. O., 1s.; P. C. A. (Euston), 1s.; E. J. G. (Fenton), 1s.; T. M. (Cornwall), 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; "Freda" (Sheerness-on-Sea), parcel; W. S. (Stoke Newington), parcel; H. B. (Battersea), parcel; W. J. B. (Calcutta), £5; Miss M. W. (Doncaster), 4s. 6d.; J. G. (Abergavenny), 2s. 6d.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; "Coon," 2s. 6d.; J. S. A., 1s. 6d.; L. W. L. (Stoke, Coventry), £1 5s.; F. D. N. 5s.; "A Friend," 2s.; "In Loving Memory of Ginger," 1s. 6d.; Mrs. H. (Manchester), 1s.; W. O., 1s.

Mrs. H. G. Rogers, winner of the First Prize in our "Bulletts" Competition No. 446, has kindly sent us £20

• • •

NO working expenses are deducted from subscriptions to this fund. Every penny we receive is devoted to the purpose for which it is sent.

Actual length of Pen 5¼ ins.

Speaks for Itself

Edward Villas, Birchington. 22.5.22.

.....I would like to say that the 'JOHN BULL' Pen purchased is the best bargain I have had for years, and far exceeds a 10/6 one of the leading makes. N. C.

JOHN BULL

Pen Coupon, Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon, with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dated, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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OVER TWO MILLION IN USE. SEND TO-DAY

Turf Notes & Selections

LAST WORDS ON THE DERBY.

The most important race meeting of the season began at Epsom yesterday, and to-day (Wednesday) the Derby—the greatest race in all the world—will be decided.

Within a few seconds of the first three horses passing the post the result of the "Blue Riband of the Turf" will be flashed to almost every quarter of the globe. Will Pondoland, St. Louis, Re-Echo, Captain Cuttle or Tamar go down in Turf history as the winner of the greatest classic, or will the racing world again be startled by the success of another of those rank outsiders which have so frequently upset all calculations?

I have studied the runners and their prospects very thoroughly, and I do not see any reason to alter my opinion that PONDOLAND will win for Mr. S. B. Joel; nor shall I in the least be surprised if the better of Gilpin's pair turns out to be Re-Echo. Gilpin, by the way, achieved another triumph the other day in Ireland when Spike Island took "The Guineas" at the Curragh. The winner was ridden by George Archibald, who, it is said, will ride Re-Echo to-day.

Sir E. Paget (whose sketch I give) is very confident about Re-Echo's chance, but for that matter Lord Queenborough is equally sanguine concerning St. Louis. Captain Cuttle, too, is very much fancied to reverse "The Guineas" placings with St. Louis and Pondoland, and Tamar is said to be so very much improved that he will add still another to the very long list of "classic" victories achieved by his trainer, Alec Taylor.

Of the others, I am quite prepared to see North End, Simon Pure, Craigangower, and Lord of Burghley run very well; and if any of my readers want something to back each way at a good price, I recommend Lord of Burghley, who was a very good colt last year, and will be running for the first time this season to-day. To sum up, when the numbers are put in the frame this afternoon, I hope they will read thus:—

PONDOLAND 1
RE-ECHO 2
LORD OF BURGHLEY 3

EASY TERMS
and REALLY GOOD
TAILORING

PERFECT-FITTING
LOUNGE SUIT
FROM
£3 : 3 : 0
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SUPPLIED ON FIRST PAYMENT OF 8/—Balance 8/- Monthly

Smart and serviceable cloths, perfectly cut, excellently made and carefully finished.

Call at any of our Establishments for Free Patterns and Style Booklet and judge for yourself the value we are giving, or write to Pattern Department J.B., 71, Camden Road, London, N.W.1, and they will be sent FREE, together with our simple self-measurement form.

2/- in the £ discount if you pay cash.

We can fit you perfectly by post

BENSONS

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57, EDGWARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch)
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222, GOLDHAWK RD, W. (nr. Shepherd's Bush Empire)
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SPORT and

Conducted by MORLEY BROWN

The Oaks "Placings."

Pogrom, one of our "Horses to Follow," will run in the Oaks on Friday, and she is strongly fancied to follow up the success of Love in Idleness last year. Taylor also runs Leighon Tor. I am convinced that Pogrom is well worthy of support, but she will have to do something out of the ordinary to beat Silver Urn and Soubriquet. The latter will probably be ridden by Donoghue; but Silver Urn, who has put up three clever victories in succession, beat Soubriquet very handsomely in the One Thousand Guineas, and should confirm that running on Friday. But when all is said, I hope I have successfully anticipated the Judge's verdict by placing them as follows: *Silver Urn* 1, Soubriquet 2, Pogrom 3.

PROFITABLE "EACH WAY."

We have had several good winners and "placings" lately, and I hope that most, if not all, of my readers have benefited to the full by backing them "each way," as it is generally wise to do. I believe in taking a chance now and again about a horse which is likely to start at a fair price with good prospects of running into a place, and the appended little list shows that recent investments for a win and place must have yielded a considerable profit:—

WHITE SATIN (Won) 5 to 1.
IMPERIAL (Won) 5 to 1.
ALL CLEAR (2nd, beaten a head), 6 to 1.
ISLE OF WIGHT (Won) 4 to 1.
HAPPY SALLY (2nd, beaten a neck), 4 to 1.
JACK PATCH (3rd), 8 to 1.
OVERSEER (Won) 6 to 4.
HANKY PANKY (3rd) 8 to 1.
ALL CLEAR (Won) 5 to 1.
BAALMAZOL (2nd, beaten a neck), 100 to 8.
JACK PATCH (Won) 5 to 1.
ACHANALT (Won), 100 to 30.

Other Races This Week.

Apart from the Derby and Oaks this week, there are several other good races at Epsom, and a splendid programme has been arranged for Kempton Park on Saturday. Lord Derby's *Selene* is not engaged in the Oaks, but if she runs for the Stewards' Handicap to-day she should win. *Eagerford* may capture the Caterham Stakes, and *Abanazar* has a chance in the Epsom Town Plate. In the Coronation Cup, to-morrow, *Monarch* may atone for many previous "seconds" this season, and *Leighton* should win the Durdans Handicap. Mr. James White hopes to secure the Acorn Plate on Friday with Phyllis Dare, but she will have to be a smart filly to beat *Scarba*.

Complete Selections.

There should be a good race for the Queen's Handicap, at Kempton Park on Saturday, and the Queen's Prize Winner, *Golden Myth*, should score again. My complete selections for the week are:—

EPSOM: Wednesday—Spicey, Valley, Pondoland (Re-Echo and Lord of Burghley places), Selene, Eagerford, Abanazar.

EPSOM: Thursday—Arcturus, Troika, Hackler's Pride c., Monarch, Unison, Leighton, Woodley.

EPSOM: Friday—Long Corrie, Coxcomb, Scarba, Silver Urn, (Soubriquet and Pogrom places), Finchale, The Night Patrol.

KEMPTON PARK: Saturday—Bird's Nest, Katie, Golden Myth, Sargon, Catalini, Corcyrian.

Expecting the Impossible.

I wonder what would have happened in that Surrey-Essex match at the Oval, if Fender and Douglas could have changed places. Can you imagine Fender hanging up his declaration until the opposing side was left only 3½ hours to get over 400 runs in the fourth innings of a match—and after a bad day in the field at that?

Hardinge the Veteran.

H. T. W. Hardinge, who in making 249 not out against Leicestershire compiled Kent's record individual score in any county match, is another instance of the brilliance of the veterans with which this season, young as it is, has abounded. Notts alone has four men (in Hardstaff, the brothers Gunn, and Payton) who have made merry in spite of the weight of years. It is twelve years since Hardinge got his "soccer" cap against Scotland. He was then playing for Sheffield United.

H.T.W. HARDINGE

Fortunate Surrey.

To a question which has been addressed to me as to which county is the fortunate possessor of the "best" captain this season, I should unhesitatingly reply Surrey. And I should define "best" as the man who has the greatest match-winning capabilities. P. G. H. Fender is always puzzling his opponents by doing the unexpected. This is his triumphant asset—equalled, possibly, by the real confidence which he inspires in his team. Another captain who is worth any number of men to his side is A. W. Carr, of Nottingham. He is a worthy successor to A. O. Jones.

ALWAYS IN THE RUT.

Yet Surrey—and Middlesex too—are not likely to trouble the waters of the championship very violently this summer. They both lack bowling variety too much. Essex are better in batting than ever. I do not believe they have ever been stronger in this respect. But they are too somnolent—in their play and its effect on spectators—to make a name for themselves. They will always be in the rut, unless "Johnny" Douglas wakes up and startles the world by taking a risk! I do not like at all the way he handled the game at Lord's last week. He played for safety when the match might well have been won. All honour to F. T. Mann for his sporting bid for victory.

Lancashire Curiosities.

Lancashire are a curious side—a team capable of making huge scores and performing remarkable bowling feats, yet spectators at Old Trafford and Aigburth who have heart trouble must have a dizzy time. Lancashire are capable of the most complete collapse at the most unexpected moment. Glamorgan and Northants, at any rate, have the merit of being consistent in this respect! Leicestershire would have beaten the County Palatine had Sidwell kept his head. Lancashire won by two runs. Sixteen years earlier at Leicester they won by one run. Two years ago at Liverpool they beat Hampshire by the narrowest possible margin.

FIRE!—Readers registered under our old insurance

SPORTSMEN

Editor of "The Sporting Life"

Benefits Galore.

Murrell, the Middlesex wicket-keeper, takes his benefit in the Sussex match at Lord's, and I do not suppose Middlesex will follow the awful example of Surrey in the case of Hitch. Surrey, by the way, have a chance to remedy that mistake when Rushby has his benefit. Other cricketers with a match to themselves this season include John Gunn (Notts.), Makepeace (Lancashire), Dolphin (Yorkshire), Astill (Leicestershire), Parker (Gloucestershire), Smith (Warwickshire), and Cadman (Derbyshire).

The Bowling of Parkin.

Cecil Parkin, the Lancashire and All-England bowler, captured his fiftieth wicket this season against Leicestershire last Friday. This feat is remarkable considering that, when it was accomplished, the number of playing days had been nineteen only. Parkin is in better form now than when he represented his country against Australia.

THE NATIONAL MARATHON.

Entries for the Windsor to London race for the *Sporting Life* £500 Marathon Trophy do not close until this week, but already we are assured of a field for June 10 which will include English, Welsh, French, Italian and Danish runners. A. R. Mills, whose best time for the course is 2 hrs. 37 min. 40 2-5 secs., will have a heavy task in winning the trophy for the third time.

The Team Spirit.

Entries also close this week (June 1st) for the Kinnaird Cup Competition, and I hope provincial clubs will have entered in representative numbers for this event, which is being run by the Polytechnic Harriers at Stamford Bridge while the Marathon race is in progress. The promoting club, Surrey A.C., and the Achilles Club I know are competing in the series of nine events, which are essentially productive of the team spirit.

The Hopes of Britain.

As W. T. Tilden is not coming over for the world's lawn tennis championship at Wimbledon, a likely winner is the South African, B. I. C. Norton. British hopes in the ladies' events will centre round Miss Ryan and Miss McKane; the latter should be a real force in another year or so. Those unkind Americans, I see, have been saying that when Mrs. Mallory meets Mlle. Lenglen, sneezing and smelling-salts will not be permitted.

MISS RYAN.

Theory and Practice.

Though Miss Joyce Wethered, the lady golf champion, is only twenty, she knows as much about the game as most players twice her age. That she can put theories into practice she has shown on the course; she can also set down theories and principles very lucidly in print. The golf book which she and her brilliant brother Roger have produced is one of the most lucid and instructive publications on the game I have seen. It would have been a fine thing if brother and sister could have brought off the double on the course.

Kid Lewis and Frankie Burns.

Kid Lewis will have learned his lesson when he meets Frankie Burns at Holland Park on June 10, and I do not suppose we shall hear from him, or his supporters, any more of the "He-hit-me-when-I-wasn't-looking" nonsense. We do not know yet of what Burns is capable. The Australian is, I think, the best of the three men in Charlie Lucas' camp, and when he beat Fred Davies (Shoeing-Smith) we did not see all that was in him, especially his right hand. I believe Lewis is in for a warm time.

Jones, the Heat Wave.

The Lewis-Burns contest should be thrilling enough, but what are we to think of the George Cook-Soldier Jones bout at Holland Park on July 8? It makes one perspire even to think of that tearing, smashing thunderbolt of a Canadian. No other man in the boxing world could drop his guard like Jones does and yet live. But then Jones is too busy with his attack to think of his defence—and so are his opponents. All the time they have to collect their thoughts is afterwards—in the dressing-room.

A Back Number.

Frank Moran, who beat Joe Beckett with one punch, has been sending challenges from America to all and sundry in this country and France, but Beckett is the only one who has shown any disposition to make a match. Carpentier has definitely turned down the bulky American. The truth is, Moran is a bit of a back number, and it is time he realised it.

Wisdom Prevailed.

The suggestion made in some quarters that, although the National Sporting Club closed down for the season last Monday, Holland Park Rink will be open throughout the summer is, I am glad to say, unfounded. There was an idea that two other "big" contests would be staged after July 8, but wisdom has prevailed and the need of a close season definitely recognised.

WOOSNAM'S CAREER.

I am sorry to hear that the broken leg which Max Woosnam sustained at the end of the football season may mean that the end of his career in the winter game has come. So early too. Manchester City will feel his loss tremendously; so will England and the game generally, for no better type of sportsman could be found. It doesn't necessarily follow, though, that we have seen the last of the old Cantab on the lawn tennis courts. And wasn't Shepherd, the old Newcastle United centre forward, among those who broke a leg and yet played again?

Diary for June.

June 6—Middlesex v. Sussex, Lords.
" 7—May Races, Cambridge.
" 8-9-10—Richmond Horse Show.
" 10—*Sporting Life* Marathon. (Windsor to Stamford Bridge)
" 12—Wyns v. Matthews, Liverpool.
" 19—Lewis v. Burns, Holland Park.
" 19-24—Open Golf Championship, Sandwich.
" 21-22—Woolwich v. Sandhurst, Lord's.
" 26 (&c.)—Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon.
" 27-28—French Open Golf Championship, Versailles.

(Any queries relating to Sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Sports Editor. Replies will appear in JOHN BULL'S *Letter Bag.)*

scheme must make sure to re-register under the new.

Sport Personalities

VI.—LORD DESBOROUGH

THERE are some people who, having holed in one, performed the "hat trick," or made a hundred break, will discuss it in the club smoking-room so long as they can find unwilling—and unwitting—listeners among the newly elected.

There are others who, having done things that really matter—to others as well as themselves—have to be coaxed and wheedled before they will breathe a syllable, and then you only get the half of it or less.

To this latter category belongs Lord Desborough, whose achievements and adventures in the world of sport would fill a book and leave sufficient for another dozen. But I do not know who would be able to write the story and do the subject justice, except the subject himself, and he will not.

He can converse, if he likes, on a dozen different sports with the intimate knowledge of the man who has excelled at each. I know of no other Englishman, except Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, who has done so many things and done them well.

Just over fifty years ago he was playing cricket for Harrow, and he won the mile race in 4 min. 36 secs.—nearly 4 secs. less than the wonderful time of the Public Schools champion, E. P. Hewetson, last year. In 1877 he was in the Oxford boat—he is a Balliol man—which dead-heated with Cambridge, and he was a member of the winning crew the following year.

LORD DESBOROUGH

He has been epee champion, punting champion, and Master of University Draghounds. He has climbed the Alps, shot big game in three continents, swam Niagara twice, and—dare-devil yet superb feat—stroked an eight-oar, clinker-built, across the Channel.

Now, when he sits in the Council Chamber, the accumulated wisdom of a full and strenuous out-door life is at the disposal of the generation that has grown up after him.

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19/6 EACH.

HOW WE ARE BEING FOOLED

Germany Still Shamming Abject Poverty

by Lt.-Col. H. PAGE CROFT, M.P.

THIS week the Germans will be called upon to pay a contribution towards reparations, and it is high time that the British public realised the way they have been fooled by our recent enemies ever since the Treaty of Peace.

If a Man from Mars visited this planet, he would surely be convinced that Britain lost the war, for he would find a nation strangled by taxation, silent factories, and thousands of people dependent upon a system of doles—a country where income tax, five years after the war, can be reduced only to 5s. in the £; where the working man's beer is taxed thirteen times as high as it was before the conflict.

Lt.-Col. PAGE CROFT

If this same traveller were to spend a few weeks in Germany, he would find by comparison a people hardly taxed at all, factories working full time, very few unemployed, and every indication that productive industry is being carried on successfully.

Recent visitors to Germany are unanimous in their evidence that that country is working at high pressure. They speak of factories lit up at night and working twenty-four hours on end, and of the general air of prosperity that is to be found throughout the length of the country.

WHEN considering Germany's ability to pay the damage she inflicted upon Europe, I would ask my readers to remember that whereas we in England during the war had to purchase our supplies, our foodstuffs, and, to a large extent, our munitions from foreign countries, thus dispersing our wealth, the people of the Central Empires produced the whole of their requirements within their own boundaries, and her whole wealth, used for supplying her war needs, went into the pockets of German manufacturers, German tradesmen, German farmers and the German working classes.

Comparatively, then, after every sort of test, Germany was in a better position to start reconstruction for peace than we were in this country, and it is the profound belief of many students of economics that whilst Germany is shamming ill, she is remarkably robust the moment the eyes of the International Doctors are turned from her.

MANY of our troubles with regard to the Germans are due to the fact that President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George put their heads together at Versailles in order to lighten the blow of defeat, and introduced into the phraseology of the day all sorts of high-sounding phrases—such as, no annexations and no indemnities. These ideas were conceived in Germany and born in Russia, and exactly suited our enemies because they were bound to spread disunion amongst the Allies. There is little doubt that, as a result of this folly, our enemies were determined from that moment to employ every kind of chicanery and deceit in order to avoid the carrying out of the terms of peace.

If we cast our minds back to the Prussian terms exacted after the Franco-German War, we will remember that the Germans never for one single moment deflected from exacting the peace terms, and far from helping France to pay, that country had to find the money in the least possible time.

It is true that the indemnities exacted from the French were a much smaller sum than is involved at the present time; but, taking the value of money at the end of the Franco-Prussian War, compared with values of to-day, it was an amazingly large sum for which the French had to search their pockets.

Supposing the French had faltered in their payments, or imitated the deceitful methods of our late enemies, does anyone doubt that the Germans would have walked right into France and extracted every penny of the indemnity?

Is anyone fool enough to believe that if Germany had won the great war, and had carried out her declared intention of making England pay every farthing of the cost, she would have been so gracious as to provide loans and other facilities in order that we might meet our obligations at the peace treaty?

No, the Germans would have remained in England and would have confiscated the whole of our railway system, our docks, our shipping, our mines, and, if necessary, the whole of our land, as security for our final payment of the indemnities.

WHATEVER we may think of the ability of the Germans to pay us, there is no doubt whatever that they intended to extract the full cost of the war from us had they been in a position to do so. In the spring of 1918, when it looked as if disaster was falling upon our armies at Amiens, and when the line was saved only by the superhuman valour of the British soldier, Count von Rodern, the Prussian Finance Minister, declared that it was unnecessary to impose any income tax upon the German people for the simple reason that it had been decided that England should pay the full cost of the war—and Count von Rodern was not joking.

He thought that victory was within their grasp, and he was prepared to risk the financial future of Germany on a certainty of England finding the whole of the cost of the war, although he obligingly admitted on another occasion that America would also have to find very large contributions.

FROM the date of the Armistice these cunning Junkers have never ceased to break their pledges and deliberately to ignore the terms of the Peace Treaty. The vast secretion of heavy guns and small arms might have warned us, the terrible explosions at gas factories might have roused us from our apathy; but at least we should have demanded that the cost of the Army of Occupation should be paid in full on the exact dates when instalments are due.

There is quite a considerable number of people who go about saying that if we are only kind to the Germans now they will forget their defeat and will not seek revenge; but how does this fit in with their blackguardly conduct when, after being invited to Genoa to consider the restoration of European trade, they suddenly threw on the table a signed pact with the Russians, thus completely cheating the Genoa Conference of all hopes of a settlemen with Russia?

This Alliance is the one great danger of world peace, and Mr. Lloyd George's solution of the problem appears to be to hasten the prosperity of Germany and to make such arrangements with the Bolsheviks as will permanently enthrone them as the slave-drivers of Russia. I can conceive no greater peril to world peace than that the German recovery should be so swift that she is enabled to arm Russia, and, with an organised man power of 280 million souls, sweep down on a fresh march of conquest over the smaller nations of Europe.

Therefore, I say, when we review the appalling world sufferings resulting from the Great War, let it never be forgotten that it was all part of the deliberate plan of militarist Germany; let us get rid of our squeamishness and refuse to listen to the skilful pleadings of international financiers, whose one object is to bring about the recovery of Germany, and let us carry out the pledge which we gave to the British people through the lips of our Prime Minister, that we would "search the German pockets" and that we would, if necessary, "squeeze her like a lemon."

IF the Prime Minister with all the expert advice at his disposal, did not mean that Germany should pay for the cost of the war, when he won the country on that issue, then he should frankly confess that he spoofed the nation, and should hand over the government to someone else; but, if he did believe his high-sounding promises, then it is his duty in this fateful week to stand shoulder to shoulder with our Allies and relentlessly to insist that the minimum payments—which, let it be remembered, had been agreed to by Germany—shall be forthcoming.

We have the power to exact reparations, and even if we may have to delay the collection of our debts, it is up to us to insist that the minimum payments shall be collected in spite of all the wails of the friends of Germany.

Of course, if we choose to be bluffed time and again by the business magnates who are controlling the Government of Germany, then no doubt the citizen will have to carry the present millstone of taxation to his grave; but I do not believe that the British people are yet prepared to regard every Prussian millionaire as a truthful philanthropist.

BY their acts we shall know them, and ever since the Peace they have given no indication whatever that the leopard has changed his spots. And if they are so very poor—as is obligingly suggested from time to time by British Ministers,—and if we can regard German reparations only as a "windfall," as the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared to an amazed House of Commons, then how is it that Herr Stinnes is able to go into Russia and to finance huge industrial schemes, and how is it that we find Krupps creating an enormous industry at Moscow for the purpose of manufacturing agricultural machinery for turning out munitions at a moment's notice?

The right honourable gentlemen who sit on the Treasury Bench are always trying to impress upon the British Electorate the immediate desirability of encouraging the industry of Germany and Russia. No matter whether Germany is keeping the Peace Treaty, no matter whether the Bolsheviks are trying to destroy the British Empire, these faithful servants of the State are persistent in their desire to hasten the recovery of these two unfortunate countries.

The reason, they tell us, is because they are concerned for the welfare of the British wage-earner and they want to see a vast business accruing to British industry.

My answer to this is that Germany, with 70 million inhabitants, bought less manufactured goods from the United Kingdom before the war than Australia with 4½ million people, and Russian trade was then negligible compared with that of our own people overseas.

SURELY the best plan would be to turn to the countries of the British Empire, where we know there is an assured return, give them trading facilities, and lend them a helping hand—in the certain knowledge that they will spend pounds in profits and wages for British factories where the Boche and the Bolshevik will spend pence, or at best, shillings, in the days to come.

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(Sprained Ankle).
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Injured Ankle.
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Mrs. P. THORPE, 84, Tennent Street, Bradford.

(Injured Thumb).
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Mrs. A. ROSE, "Meadowside," Great Barr, Birmingham.

(Dislocated Foot.)
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(Injured Leg).
Mrs. M. REDFERN, 28, Southwell Road, Mansfield.

(Injured Eye.)
S. WINSTON, 15, Edith Villas, W. 14.

(Injured Back).
Mrs. E. J. EDWARDS, 126, Chester Road, Watford.

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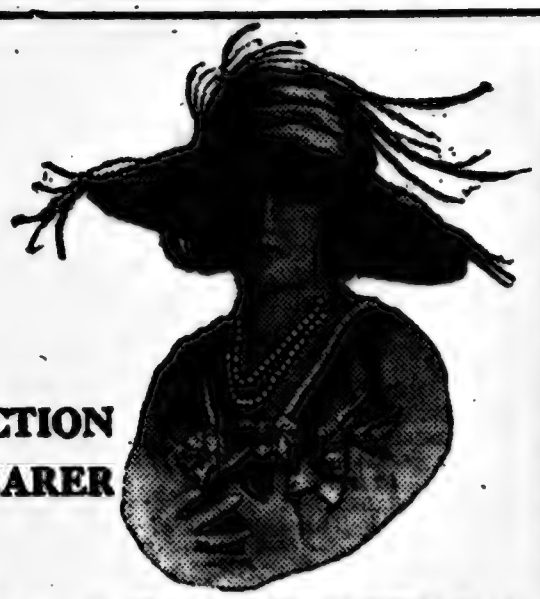

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Read the amazing experience of Mr. Thomas Bevan, of 85, Bryn Terrace, Aberbeg, Mon., who, whilst working underground in the arduous occupation of coal-mining, regained his lost health and secured a physique that would put an athlete to shame. Below is given verbatim Mr. Bevan's eloquently simple statement, together with a photograph of his magnificent development. The testimonial was unsolicited, and the photograph unretouched.

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Measurements: Chest (Exp.) 37-in.; Neck, 14½-in.; Biceps (R), 12-in.; Biceps (L) 11½-in.; Thighs, both 20-in.; Calves, both 12½-in.

THOMAS BEVAN as he is to-day.

Mr. Bevan's Condition AFTER Treatment (9 months later) ABSOLUTELY FIT.

Measurements: Chest (Exp.) 43-in.; Neck 15½ in.; Biceps (R) 14½-in. Biceps (L), 14½-in.; Thighs, both 22½-in.; Calves, both 14½-in.

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I desire to secure great strength and endurance.

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Address .....

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MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Leave "Specs." Alone.

The reintroduction of the "carry over" on the Stock Exchange, after nearly eight years of disuse owing to the war, has not produced the rush of speculation that some people had predicted. It is just as well. The old system led to much gambling, and gambling is to be deprecated in these days when conservation should be the watchword.

What are Contangoes?

I find many correspondents asking me to explain the meaning of this expression. The system lately in vogue on the Stock Exchange was to buy or sell a share and pay or receive cash for it at the time. Now there are fortnightly settlements, at which, under the contango system, a final clearing up may be postponed until the next or a subsequent settlement, at a fee and on payment or receipt of the difference in price between that at which the shares were bought and that at which they stand at the fortnightly account. By this arrangement you may buy shares which you do not intend to pay for, hoping to sell them at a higher price, or you may sell shares which you haven't got, hoping to buy them back at less than the price at which you sold them. It is gambling.

Secretarial Exclusiveness.

A reader tells me he sold some shares through a provincial outside broker, and a question arose as to whether the buyer or the seller was the rightful possessor of a dividend paid about the time of the sale. My correspondent wrote to the Secretary of the Stock Exchange for information, and the reply was that "as the business was not transacted through a member of the Stock Exchange," he regretted that he was "unable to advise or assist in the matter." Might I suggest to the respected Secretary that, had he vouchsafed the information which it has caused me no trouble to supply, he might have gained a client for some Stock Exchange member? The provincial broker was right.

And That's That.

I announced recently that I had placed in the hands of the police some documents which had reached me concerning an offer of Calcutta Sweepstake tickets in connection with the sale of cheap articles of jewellery, etc., by the Manufacturers Association, of Southampton Row, W.C. The police have taken action, and John Johnson, the person responsible for the game, has been fined £25 and £10 10s. costs on the charge of running a lottery. Meanwhile, I hear that the whole bundle of sweepstake tickets which he had acquired and was distributing has been cancelled, so that no recipient of any one of them will stand a chance of a prize.

To Build or Not To Build?

There is too great a tendency on the part of the public to accept as gospel the statements made in broadcast *ex-parte* circulars issued by Building Societies. My readers should consult me on all occasions *before parting with their money.* After, I can usually merely sympathise.

Two More Tips.

Lancashire Electric Light and Power 6 per cent. tax. free convertible first preference shares at 23s. 6d. are cheap, and so are Bengal Iron 7½ per cent. cumulative preference shares at 21s. The former show a net yield of £5 4s. 3d., equivalent to £6 19s. 0d. less tax at 5s. in the £, and the latter give a return of £7 3s. 0d. less tax. Both are sound securities and likely to show capital appreciation as time goes on.

LORD ASHFIELD is the Chairman of the Underground Tube Systems of London, together with their allied omnibus and tramway undertakings. He is on the look-out for employees worth £10,000 a year per man, but thinks them hard to find. His own income is unknown, except to the tax-collector. Lord Ashfield is the son of an American from Detroit. His success has been phenomenal, as he is still only 47. His coat of arms is democratic, the supporters both being electrical mechanics.

THE Financial Editor will always be pleased to answer questions from readers and to have from them copies of prospectuses and circulars they may receive inviting them to part with money.

Communications should be addressed to

The Financial Editor,
JOHN BULL,
93, Long Acre,
London, W.C. 2.

Correspondents desiring a reply by post should enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Apply the Brake.

I hear talk of impending advances in Home Rails, on the ground that they have not yet approximated to pre-war prices. There has already been a substantial rise, and I don't see much more in them for the time being. Fine weather and holiday traffics may increase receipts on the seaside lines, and the gradual reduction of freights may bring back business to the others, but the yields of pre-war days are not tempting in these times, and the reorganisation of the railway groupings of the whole country leaves many things in doubt.

"Experto Crede."

Spasmodic attempts are being made to regalvanise Kaffirs. I am unable to follow the argument. The restoration of carry-over facilities was, I think, more hopefully received in this section than any other, because mining shares are such scintillating things to gamble in. For my own part, I would counsel anyone who contemplates dabbling on the contango system to consult any old stager who has done it in the days before the war. Then he will refrain.

Milk-O!

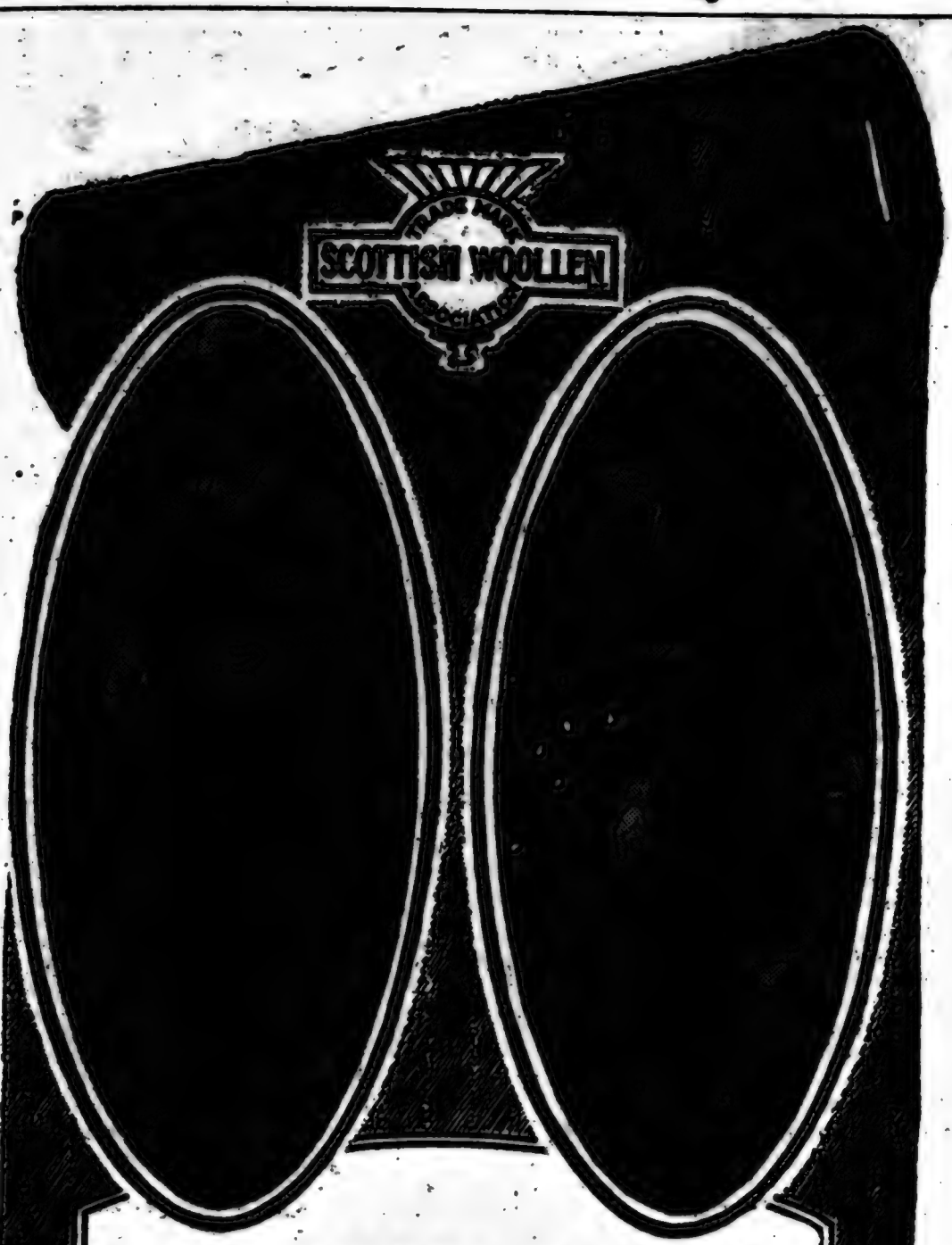
Recently I said that the Directors of the Nestlé and Anglo-Swiss Milk Company were temporarily delaying their reconstitution scheme, and suggested that "the milk may, after all, turn out to be less completely skimmed than recently appeared to be the case." Of course, I meant the financial milk, not the tinned product—which is at least as good as any in the world. I believe that the financial milk will shortly return to its former excellence, and the delaying of the reconstitution scheme is a good augury that such will be the case.

The Cost of Mining.

Another big gold find is reported from Australia. Fortunes will no doubt be made as usual, and fortunes will be lost—also as usual. If the find is substantiated there may be a flock of prospectuses later on, but no one need be in a hurry to invest. The working capital put into the Brakpan Mine was about £1,450,000; the gold production since 1903 has been about £11,470,000; and dividends have aggregated about £2,890,000. To achieve these dividends the expenditure totalled about £10,000,000. What an expenditure for such a result. And this is a successful South African mine!

Postage Reduced!

You can now post your coupon under our Free Insurance scheme for a halfpenny. Here is one more inducement to register to-day.



SIR HARRY LAUDER
AND
THE BARRY SERVICE.

OUR photographs show the great Scottish artist clad in garments made from materials woven in the land of his birth. It is positively impossible to secure anything finer than these cloths—pure virgin wool materials with the cachet of the Scottish Woollens Association behind every yarn of them. Scottish Woollens are always pliable cloths, the kind of material which shows the tailor's craftsmanship to perfection. Note the easy grace of Sir Harry Lauder's suits, how distinctive their appearance, how naturally, how comfortably, the garments lay to his figure.

YOU MAY HAVE YOUR OWN SUIT TAILORED IN SCOTTISH WOOLLENS, AND FOR LESS MONEY THAN YOU WOULD PAY FOR ORDINARY EVERY-DAY TWEED CLOTHS.

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to
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CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Inhuman Husband." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

ARTHUR (Manchester).—"In my opinion this is going to be a cold summer." Boy! Cancel that order for ice!

MINNIE (Devizes).—"How can I cure my husband of cigarette-smoking in the house?" Turn him into the garden.

CONTENT (Salford).—"Let us have done with party shams. Let us have a man!" We'll let you.

FELIX (Felixstowe).—"Why was the Derby run in a snow storm?" To give countless generations of sporting journalists something to write about.

FORTY-FIVE (Southampton).—"If I met the right kind of girl I'd give her £1,000 a year pin-money." But suppose she doesn't eat pins?

FROMAGE (Edenbridge).—"A woman has a right to do what she likes with her own life." Did we ever deny it? Well, then, what are you talking about?

S. F. (Tottenham).—Yes, a husband may legally libel his wife. In other words, the law allows him to be a despicable cad.

LONG ENGAGEMENT (Wolverhampton).—"A man has no right to expect a girl to wait for him." Our own experience is that the girl usually turns up an hour late and says: "Have you been here long?"

W. E. F. (Manchester).—Apart from the famous performance of Diogenes when searching for an honest politician, the best walking record is that of E. P. Weston (Newcastle) who did 1,000 miles in 400 consecutive hours.

YES, TOR (Torquay).—"Am I right in supposing that JOHN BULL sympathises with the down-trodden?" As Mrs. Mayor Hylan of New York said to the Queen of the Belgians: "Kid, you've said a mouthful!"

MEND OR MAR (Boscombe).—"What chance has a friend of the 'Bullets' Judges of getting a prize?" Those unhappy men have no friends. But the chances are equal to those of a celluloid cat who is being chased through Hell by an asbestos dog.

TOMMY (Dera Ismail Khan).—"Much of life's experience is not easy." But what the soldier said is not evidence.

JOB'S COMFORTER.—"Angels in prison cannot obtain much fruit." But they can pick oakum.

DISGUSTED (Yarmouth). — "You think you are clever." Think? We're perfectly sure about it!

J. M. (Bedford).—Sorry we have no use for your Russian rouble notes, shaving paper being so cheap. Send them to that chap with a name like a sneeze.

EFFIE (Hampstead). — Why all this curiosity about our personal appearance, dear? God made us, so we are entitled to pass for a man.

M. G. (Cowes).—No, Mrs. Asquith is not "so very young," though we can quite understand your thinking so if you have been reading her diary.

OPTIMIST (Luton).—It is all very well for Lloyd George to say "we have stopped the snarling of the war-dogs." It is the quiet dog that is most dangerous.

W. T. (Aberdeen).—"I send you a sonnet." And we got it. Marvellous how the Post Office does it. And it wasn't a bad sonnet either.

LANCER (Aldershot).—"Although I've only been in the army a year I could tell the Army Council a few things." What a lad!

G. E. R. (Grimsby).—"The doctor has advised me to take more exercise." Why not try rolling your own cigarettes?

HERBERT (Woolwich).—"I wonder you don't take up the question of nuts for the squirrels in the parks." We intended doing so, but the squirrels took 'em up first.

ENGINEER (Cardiff).—"What is Pondoland derived from?" His backers have one view, but the geographer says it is a country to the north of the Transkei, South Africa.

ANXIOUS (Rugby).—As a registered reader under our original Free Fire Insurance Scheme, it would be necessary for you to re-register under the present Free Home Insurance Scheme, in order to qualify for the extended benefits.

ALEX (Tottenham Court Road).—"I have read two books on the Science of Right Thinking, but I do not understand the theory." If you know the difference between right and wrong you know the difference between right thinking and wrong thinking. Have a good right think about that.

E. ARMSTRONG.—"If I were a king I should want to know every one of my subjects individually." Giving each five minutes of your valuable time and working twelve hours a day, you'd get acquainted with the people of Britain in a little under a thousand years. Don't be silly!

ONLY A WOMAN (Brighton).—"What more could a reader require?" You display great perspicuity.

G. B. (Scorton).—"Your last issue has given me the mania for writing." We are glad to exhibit this little bit of your madness.

SPIRIT OF MAY (Shalford).—"At this season even a modest girl's thoughts warm to love." And as for the other kind . . . you can hear 'em sizzle!

MERCIFUL (Wigan).—"I have never been in London and have no desire to go there." We *have* been in Wigan and we don't want to go there again.

HARRY AND FIVE (York).—"Can a man and a woman be married in Scotland by word of mouth?" We dimly understand your question and vaguely answer "Who knows?"

EXCELLENT (Portsmouth).—"I have never agreed with Sir Percy Scott."—Sir Percy ought to know this at once—we have "broadcasted" your horrifying news.

TOUCHWOOD.—"Our chorus grand, you'll understand, We're it! We're it! We're it!"—As a poet you're rotten. As a sane commentator, step up into the Socrates class and get your medal.

W. S. S. (Wandsworth).—"If a man is locked up and fined for being the worse for drink, would it go against him should he be wanting to take licensed premises?" Our own opinion is that he ought to be treated as an expert, but the police would not take the same view.

NONENTITY (Hereford).—"The Armstrong trial has done Hereford a lot of harm." But nothing to the harm it has done to Armstrong.

T. W. (Marylebone).—"Feed the brute" is a good maxim for wives—so long as they do not feed him *like* a brute.

TAMBO (Oxford).—"Where is Dixie? I cannot find it even on an American map." There ain't no such place except in coon songs. It comes from the Mason and Dixon line of demarcation between the States of Delaware and Maryland. "Dixie" was an Englishman and so was Mason. They drew their line in 1764–1767.

E. R. (Oxford).—"You will probably recollect that I sent you a poem." Yes, we almost wish we couldn't.

READER (North London).—"JOHN BULL is now growing into an honest young man!" Thank you for nothing.

J. H. (Cambs.).—By "tennis" do you mean "lawn tennis"? The 1921 champion of the former was E. M. Baerlein, of the latter W. T. Tilden.

J. MCPHERSON (Newcastle).—W. J. Bailey (now a professional) won the 1 mile amateur cycling championship in 1909 in 2.44 3–5. His best time was in 1912, 2.23.

A LOCK-OUT'S WIFE (Southall).—"Why should our British workmen be the slaves of employers?" We can't say that we've noticed it.

WELCOME (Manchester). — "In your issue of May 18, I noticed a mistake in the spelling." The new JOHN BULL is even spelling differently!

CONSTANT READER! (Scotland).—"Next time you trave north, look out when you pass Luton station." Not unless you promise to be there.

LET WELL ALONE (Salop).—"Can you tell me the date of the next General Election?" May 1928. Are we right, sir?

R. W. (Walthamstow).—"How and where do spiders sit down?" In the same manner and place as the beetle, the bug and the boozarp.

C. M. B. (Felstead).—Inter-varsity 120 yards hurdles? That's easy. K. Powell (Cambs.) in 15 3–5 secs. Next G. A. Trowbridge (Ox.) 15 4–5 (1921).

MANDARIN (Lambeth). — "When will our legislators wake up?" On June 26th. We believe they are paid quarterly.

A READER (Shirley). — "Why should not the illegitimate child be registered in his father's name?" We agree. To our mind, the laws on this subject are monstrous.

CIVIS BRITANNICUS SUM (No address).—"What an ignorance your article shows of France and French ideals!" Take your mind off France and think of your own country for a little while.

W. O. (Manchester).—"I have stopped smoking and am giving the money I save to the 'Greatest of These' Fund." Good luck to you! May you never smoke in the hereafter.

TRAMLINES (Montreux). — "Your paper is read extensively in Switzerland" We have always regarded Switzerland as a very enlightened country.

CHAIN SENDER (Nowhere).—"Send this to nine persons and you will have good luck." If we thought there were nine more mugs in the world like you, the chain would go on. As it is, it rattles into the basket.

P. (France).—"One commune of France has no inhabitants left." There are also a million less Britons than there were before the war. We made sacrifices too. You seem to forget them.

FRANK PRICE (County Sanatorium, Oakley Road, Southampton).—"Would you ask your readers if they have any books they could send us?" Note the address. This is a hospital for consumptive ex-Service boys.

DAVY STEPHENS (Dublin).—"I am preparing for my 52nd visit to the Derby." Good luck, Davy! Faith, ye're a great lad and the champion newsman of the world. JOHN BULL says it and it is so!

MR. HARLEY CALLUND (3, Hodges Street, Wigan).—Congrats. on winning the £1,000 Prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 446. The fact that you entered under your wife's maiden names of Rogers makes no difference to us. Glad to know the effort was entirely your own. Long life to you both!

(*More replies on pages 25 and 26.*)

DESPAIR

"HUMANIST" is the pen-name of a famous novelist on the staff of JOHN BULL. Not one of the famous people who regularly contribute—but another. His letters are never opened—except by him. Never read—except by him. You can ask "Humanist" questions and advice that you wouldn't ask your best friend. You can write to him when you are in despair. You can pour out your heart and soul to him knowing that your secret is his secret. Write to "Humanist" as you have never dared write to anybody else.

Back of "Humanist" is the guarantee of inviolable confidence, the guarantee of a famous writer's name and reputation. Write to him—not about trivialities and little love quarrels; not about being short of money—let him help. He will answer your letter, but—WRITE FRANKLY. "Humanist," JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2, London.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

S. J. (Barnsbury).—"I get bad heads." You mean you often get a bad head, don't you?

SAM (Bognor).—You can't burn the candle both ends at once without the grease running.

J. B. JOHNSTON (Spittal).—The Guller won the Chester Cup in 1913, and the Northumberland Plate in 1914.

C. K. (Herne Bay).—So Sheerness has decided to advertise itself. A case of sheer necessity, we presume.

H. H. (Denmark Hill, S.E.).—"Genoa better 'ole?" We laughed till our sides Hagued.

JACKIE (Whitstable).—"Is it really unlucky to get married in May?" No, not really, but there's always a risk.

EMMA A. (Madras).—Don't send us "connundrums," Emma. If you must write, tell us how they are all at home.

SAM (Chelsea).—We have never eaten the lotos. Give us the good old Strand and a ripe banana.

HOPPER (Bermondsey).—"These machines are ruining people. I hate engines of all kinds." What about the giddy old beer engine, Clarence?

F. C. (Petworth).—We know that the gastropoda was a 7-footed snail 7 feet long, but we have met with 2-footed snails as much as 6 feet high.

I. D. (At Sea).—If you are "Taking a trip in the Mediterranean," be careful not to stub your toe on Gibraltar as you go in.

W. SMITH (Plymouth).—All cricketers without exception acknowledge the late Dr. W. G. Grace as the greatest player the game has seen, or will ever see.

J. SIMPSON (Edinburgh).—The winner of the 120 yards Hurdles Amateur Championship in 1898 was H. R. Parkes, in 16 2-5th seconds.

LADY CLERK (London. E.C.).—"You are cruel, heartless, unscrupulous and dastardly!" What is biting you, lady? Come, come, tell us all about it.

INTERESTED.—"Is it true that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?" Well—yes. Usually the first place isn't there after it has been struck once.

MAY BLOSSOM (Colchester).—"My father objects to our marriage until my future husband can keep me." Very unreasonable of the old man. Why not marry and go into the workhouse?

CLAY FEET (Chatham).—"As I often say: 'A friend should bear his friends infirmities.'" Shakespeare said it first; you should have backed yourself both ways.

T. C. (Bedford).—Sorry the majority of the men you saw at the Royal Academy were shabbily dressed. Our Editorial Staff could not have been there that day, dear.

H. C. (Portman Square, W.).—America's buying up so many of our ancient art treasures is no worse than a profiteer purchasing portraits of his ancestors.

SOUTHWARD (Gosport).—"Can you put me in touch with somebody who will join me in exploiting a system at Monte Carlo?" We could, but we doubt whether their keepers would let them join you.

MR. A. E. NEWBOULD, M.P.—"Of the list of present-day publications, many are readable, others ought to be read, but a few *must* be read. I have time only for the latter. JOHN BULL is now on my list of 'must be read.'" A clever classification.

(More replies on page 26.)

£1,000 "Bullets" 1st Prize

2nd Prize £100
3rd Prize £50
10 PRIZES OF £5 100 PRIZES OF 5/-
10 PRIZES OF £2-10 1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6
50 PRIZES OF 10/- 3,000 TARGET PRIZES
2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

BEST LITERARY SKILL COMPETITION

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 450.

WHEN PRINCE RETURNS
MIXED BATHING
BROADCASTING
THOUSAND TO ONE
SILK STOCKINGS
A HOT TIME
GETTING USED TO IT
A DUCK
WHEN BUBBLE BURSTS
MOTORING
SAINTS AND SINNERS
AMATEUR GARDENER
FOR BETTER OR WORSE
LITTLE WILLIE
BEFORE THE FIGHT
YOU BET
A DIFFERENT STORY
LISTENING
CHEER UP
FLAPPER'S FIRST THOUGHT
SEASIDE SWEETHEART
MERE MAN
WOULDN'T BE MISSED
A FLAT
ALL WE NEED
PROSPEROUS TIMES
THE BEST WIFE
FIRST LIE
KNOCKED ON THE HEAD
AFTER MY HEART
OUR LODGER
TIGHT AND LOOSE
MODERN WEAPONS
MODEST MAID
GOOD FOR COUNTRY
PRETTY GENERAL
INSURING THE HOME
PERFECT CURE
GRATIS
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN
MY HOPE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judge, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.
Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty-one examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet.** This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The Entry Fee for one Coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a Postal Order at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon made use of.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 15.
Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(450) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 15.
Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(450) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 450, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 15.
Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(450) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 15.
Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(450) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 451.

SHARPS AND FLATS—NOT WORKING—IN EVERY HOME—BURNING QUESTION—FOUND OUT LATER—AFTER A WINNER—IDEAL HOLIDAY—BEATS THE BAND—FAIR MISS—NO ROOM FOR—SPOONING—LAUGHING AT US—MARRYING ANOTHER—TRUSTING TO LUCK—CLEANED OUT—GOOD AND TRUE—CUTE FELLOW—WATCHING THE BATHERS—PARTY TROUBLES—A WISE MAN.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JUNE 22.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **451** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 451, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty-one Examples for Competition No. 450.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 450 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

FOR RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 447 SEE PAGE 26.

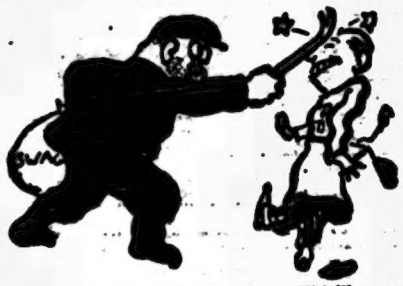
YOU CAN AFFORD TO LAUGH

If you are a registered reader of JOHN BULL—*781 Claims already paid*—

at a Fire when you know that JOHN BULL will make good the damage up to £300. You can smile at a simple fracture when JOHN BULL pays you £3 per week. Why let life's troubles weigh on your mind when you can sign away your worries on the Coupons below.

PILOT OF CRASHED AEROPLANE: "I say, I've made an awful mess of your house."
HOUSEHOLDER: "That's all right! I registered with JOHN BULL this morning!"

HOUSEWIFE: "Now isn't that lucky! Henry registered with JOHN BULL only this morning!"



"Thank you, Mr. Burglar. This'll mean quite a little present from JOHN BULL for me!"

WIFE (*to husband who has fallen down stairs*): "Are you hurt, dear?"
HUSBAND: "Beautifully, thanks. JOHN BULL will come down handsome over this."

HOUSEHOLDER: "Not much left of the old home, but never mind, we've registered with JOHN BULL."

MORAL: "Post your registration form at once, then you can smile, too."

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£300—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300 in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£300—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£300—or £150 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during re-instatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel, or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life. Man and wife, £500.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to six weeks for disablement by fracture.
Man and wife £6 per week.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.
Man and Wife £2 per week.

You can post your Coupon for ½d. now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE

J.B., 3.6.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).
Address .....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
.....
Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. Date..... A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B., 3.6.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
.....
Address in CAPITALS. Date.....

781 Insurance Claims already Paid.

The Public Confidence.

By SIR WILLIAM VENO
(*Governing Director of the Veno Drug Co., Ltd.*).

SUCCESS in advertising implies the confidence of the public in the goods and in the advertiser. No confidence trick can ever make a permanent advertising success. Any advertiser who attempts to play false is asking for a nemesis of certain ruin.

Three essentials are required to elicit the perfect confidence of the public.

(1) Goods of good value.
(2) A good story well told.
(3) Good media in which to tell the story.

The JOHN BULL Guarantee eliminates all doubt as to the first point—it breeds public confidence; it implies that there is no exaggeration nor misstatement in the good story; it is therefore the ideal medium through which to sell good goods.

News in the Ads.

SIR Harry Lauder, K.B.E., proverbially knows a good thing when he sees it, and from his photographs which appear in Messrs. Barry and Co.'s advertisement it is obvious that, particularly as regards tailoring, his judgment is sound.

THE writer of these notes bears willing personal testimony to the remarkable benefits to be derived from a course of Maxalding. The treatment involves no strenuous exercises; on the contrary, it is based on simple and sane scientific lines. It is a pleasure to go through the exercises, and the physical and mental improvement which so quickly follows is worth ten times the moderate fee charged.

NOTE well the name of a new and fascinating card game introduced by the Makers of "Black Catt" Cigarettes. "Scoop" cards can *only* be obtained in exchange for coupons from these famous cigarettes. So that is an additional reson for smoking them.

READERS interested can obtain free booklet describing the Thelwall Rapid System of Sight Reading, of which leading musicians in this country speak so highly.

"THEY'RE surely real!" is what you will exclaim when you see the famous "Lily" reproduction Pearls. Even Experts fail to distinguish them from real pearls. Their price is only 15s. in case complete.

DON'T forget to glance through the Small Ads. Worth Watching on page 8.

THE Woburn Watch Co. repeat their remarkable offer, to supply a gent's keyless watch for the initial payment of sixpence.

THE full hunter watch which the Paramount Watch Co. offer this week is exceptional value.

WESTON & SONS report a big demand for their Blazers in nigger-brown (the King's colour). Without doubt these will be "the" wear this summer.

BENSONS offer perfectly fitting suits from £3 3s., by post or from their seven branches.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(*Continued from p. 25*).

LEMBERG (Maidstone).—"I could tell you some funny stories about executions." We very seldom laugh at people being hanged, but you can try us.

BONNY MARY (Dundee).—"Is it not a scandal that boys should leave school at twelve?" Our boy always leaves at one, but goes back after lunch.

MOTORIST (Dudley).—"My grandfather lived in the same house for 85 years." And then, we suppose, he got fed up and took a flat?

INNOCENCE (Yeovil).—"Can I have the law on a man who suggested that I should go to France with him?" No, Innocence. And please don't try to pull our legs or we'll have the law on *you!*

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 447.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
MR. DAVID PRATT,
111, Harold Road, Upton Park, E.13.
Example:—DON'T CARE.
Bullet:—WON'T DRIVE IT AWAY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
MR. H. G. HOUGHTON,
Lynscroft, Lytham Road, Fulwood, Preston, Lancs:
Example:—IN THE CHARABANC.
Bullet:—RISKY "TAKING TOO MANY."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
MR. J. R. STEBBINGS,
48, Warwick Street, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Example:—WHAT WE LIKE.
Bullet:—EVIDENTLY NORTHCLIFFE THINKS WAR.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

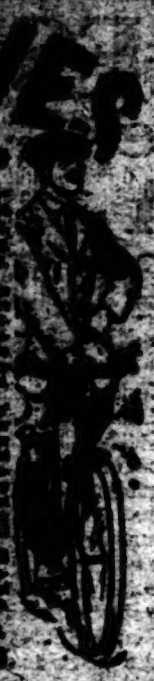
J. A. McCORMISH, 103, South Parade Belfast
ODD MAN—WOULD SEE EVERYBODY "EVEN."
Mrs. C. M. WHITE, 21, Hillcrest Avenue, Leeds:
DANCING—WHEN POLICE INSPECTOR APPEARED.
W. DAVIES, 134, Terminus, Neath Abbey, Nr Neath:
ON THE WAY—AMBITION NEVER COUNTS MILESTONES.
H. SAUNDERS, 31, Gilbert Road, Redfield, Bristol:
THE PLAIN TRUTH—SELDOM TOLD TO PHILANTHROPIST.
C. VOSS, 90, Stratford Road, West Bridgford, Notts:
A GOOD DOUBLE—USEFUL WHEN WIFE SUSPICIOUS.
J. JOSEPH, 164, Sabell Road, Smethwick:
WHEN CLOUDS ROLL BY—FACTORIES NOISY, UNIONS QUIET.
P. W. FLYNNE, "Condon," 11, Rose Street, Dunfermline, N.B.:
WHAT WE LIKE—ABOUT IRELAND—THE ATLANTIC.
Miss M. HEWITT, 131, Sladefield Road, Ward End, Birmingham:
INSURANCE BENEFITS—DON'T COVER "DIPLOMATIC ILLNESSES."
W. EARNSHAW, 28, High St., Preston, Lancs.:
UP PREMIER'S SLEEVE—ALWAYS A "USEFUL MEMBER."
(Sent in on free "Target" prize Coupon.)
B. EDWARDS, Brynuthine Caemawr, Morriston, Swansea:
HURTS NOBODY—TWICE, NIGGER IN AMERICA.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

W. PRITCHARD, 88, James Turner Street, Winson Green, Birmingham:
GENERAL SHORTAGE—FOLLOWS "SOWING WRONG SEED."
A. THOMPSON, Chichester Street, Hunslet, Leeds
A GOOD CATCH—IF CHANCELLOR WASN'T "SHORTSIGHTED."
Miss F. BOWDLER, 61, Floyer Road, Small Heath, Birmingham:
GENERAL SHORTAGE—OF ENTHUSIASM, REFORMERS FIND.
Miss VIOLET COOPER, "Spring-Bank," Tilford Road, Farnham, Surrey:
THE REAL THING—POLITICS IN SOUTH AMERICA.
W. BLACKWELL, The Schools, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport:
DANCING—CURATE GAZES AT CEILING.
Miss M. E. McMANUS, 6, Norman Road, Rusholme, Manchester:
THE PLAIN TRUTH—KILLJOYS ARE "SAD HUMBUGS."
Mrs. D. TAYLOR, 38, Addison Road, Brighton:
THE LATEST REVUE—STIGGINS WOULD MAKE MATINEE.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize Coupon.)
A. C. POCOCK, 7, Albion Gardens, Ravenscourt Park, W. 6:
ALL THE YEAR ROUND—"SILLY SEASON," GRADUALLY EXTENDING.
F. ORCHARD, 46, Tantallon Road, Balham, S.W.12:
STAR TURN—IF LABOUR STUDIES AUDIENCE.
L. BARLOW, 140, Higher Green, Astley, near Manchester:
WHEN WIFE'S ASLEEP—SHOPKEEPER VERY MUCH "AWAKE."
(Sent in on free "Target" prize Coupon.)

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 447 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of 1st Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Office of "JOHN BULL."

GRAVES



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"THE SPORTING LIFE" is the recognised authority on . . . . . .

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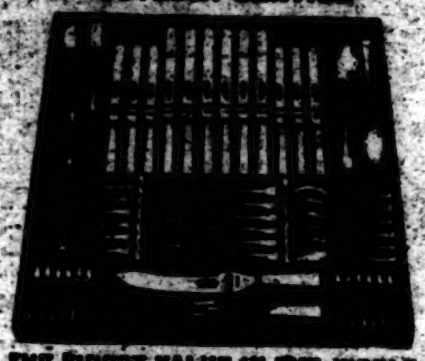

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7/6

90/-

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Can I help you

I WILL GIVE YOU £50

Yours to success,

ARE YOU QUALIFIED for the JOB YOU SEEK?

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ADVICE FREE Most Moderate Charges. Payable Monthly.

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Internal Comb. Engines
Marine Engineering
Mathematics
Mechanics
Metallurgy
Mining
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Motor Engineering
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Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
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Managing Director,
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

Facial Blemishes & Rough Red Skin

Ladies, Use Germolene! "It is Wonderful."

Facial blemishes and rough red skin constitute a [illegible] which are [illegible]. Germolene, the new aseptic skin salve, will remove pimples, [illegible] and roughness. Germolene is soothing and healing, gentle and kindly in its influence, though it is absolutely effective. The Germolene box is dainty and decorative, and is an ornament to the dressing-table, and the delicate flesh tint of the preparation itself makes it charming to use, and gives it complete invisibility when it is applied to the complexion.

Mrs. Perry, of 7, Arlington Gardens, The Drive, Ilford, says Germolene is wonderful. It cured her of a terrible face rash which everything else had failed to relieve, and which was so disagreeable in appearance as to confine her to the house. Now she uses Germolene as a face cream; her skin is charming, and aglow with health.

Mrs. J. A. Perry.

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema, Psoriasis, Rashes, Piles, Itching, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions, Cuts and Burns, Ringworm, Pimples, Chapped Hands, Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!
Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at 4 Leading International Exhibitions.

Price 3/- per tin, 1/3 the smaller size. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is manufactured in the same splendidly equipped laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, under the control of skilled chemists from the purest ingredients by The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

FOR
INDIGESTION
IN BOTH STOMACH and BOWEL
Take CICFA because CICFA restores DIGESTION THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE TRACT.

Thousands say, "I never feel [illegible]"; thousands more say, "I am always in pain. I have pain at the pit of the Stomach, a burning pain between the Shoulder Blades. I have pain soon after eating, or pain two hours after eating; dull pain in the head; sharp [illegible] pains [illegible]; [illegible] pain in the back; [illegible] pain at the back of one or both thighs; and with all these pains I have distress, misery, and weakness which is often worse than the pain."

Yet all these pains and misery are due to the same cause as lack of [illegible]—that is, to INDIGESTION in Stomach and Bowel.

Those who are unfit and those who suffer the pain do not know these simple facts; they do not know how the trouble is caused; they do not know that digestion takes place chiefly in the Bowel instead of in the Stomach, and they do not understand how Indigestion must be treated to be cured.

DIGESTION begins in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food; is continued in the Stomach by the Digestive [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and completed in the Bowel by [illegible].

[illegible] Indigestion [illegible] at any one point upsets digestion farther down.

As Indigestion may start at any point, a remedy which can cure must contain such ingredients as are able to correct the trouble wherever it may start. It is useless

CAUSE in STOMACH [illegible].
Sharp, [illegible] HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.
EATING dislike of [illegible].
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning [illegible] behind left Shoulder Blade.

CAUSE in BOWEL or [illegible].
Dull, [illegible] HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING [illegible] or loathed.
[illegible] and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

therefore to take Rhubarb, or Soda, or purgatives, or mineral oils, etc., because they have no effect upon digestion, but only remove the undigested masses which contain the nourishment.

By taking Cicfa, perfect Stomach Digestion will be restored.

The nourishment thus extracted from the food will be absorbed, and the remaining food, chiefly Starchy, will pass on through the lower end of the Stomach into the small Bowel, where the acid from the Stomach must be neutralised, and the digestion of the Starchy food commenced. As the contents move slowly downwards this digestive process is continued.

As Digestion proceeds, the nourishment is thus extracted from the [illegible] through the [illegible] the blood.

[illegible] will be [illegible] will [illegible] there will be no [illegible] not hard [illegible] the Bowel; no [illegible]; no acrid [illegible] formed, [illegible] from this Starchy food will be absorbed as the nourishment from the Albuminous food was absorbed from the Stomach.

Thus the blood will grow richer and purer; the nerve centres and tissues will be rapidly nourished and toned, producing a feeling of strength and fitness throughout the body.

The nourishment having thus been absorbed, the refuse will reach the lower Bowel to be naturally expelled. Therefore, relief from all the pain and misery from Indigestion, and restoration to perfect fitness, can be secured only by restoring Digestion.

The following, like all our testimonials, was unsolicited:—

[illegible], London,
May [illegible], 1922.

"[illegible]

[illegible] A. V. S."

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes Constipation. That is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion. Cicfa restores Digestion.

10,000 BRITISH DOCTORS

have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need to write for a sample, you can purchase Cicfa and commence using it immediately.

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THE CICFA CO.,
8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London.

"John Bull," 3/6/22.

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